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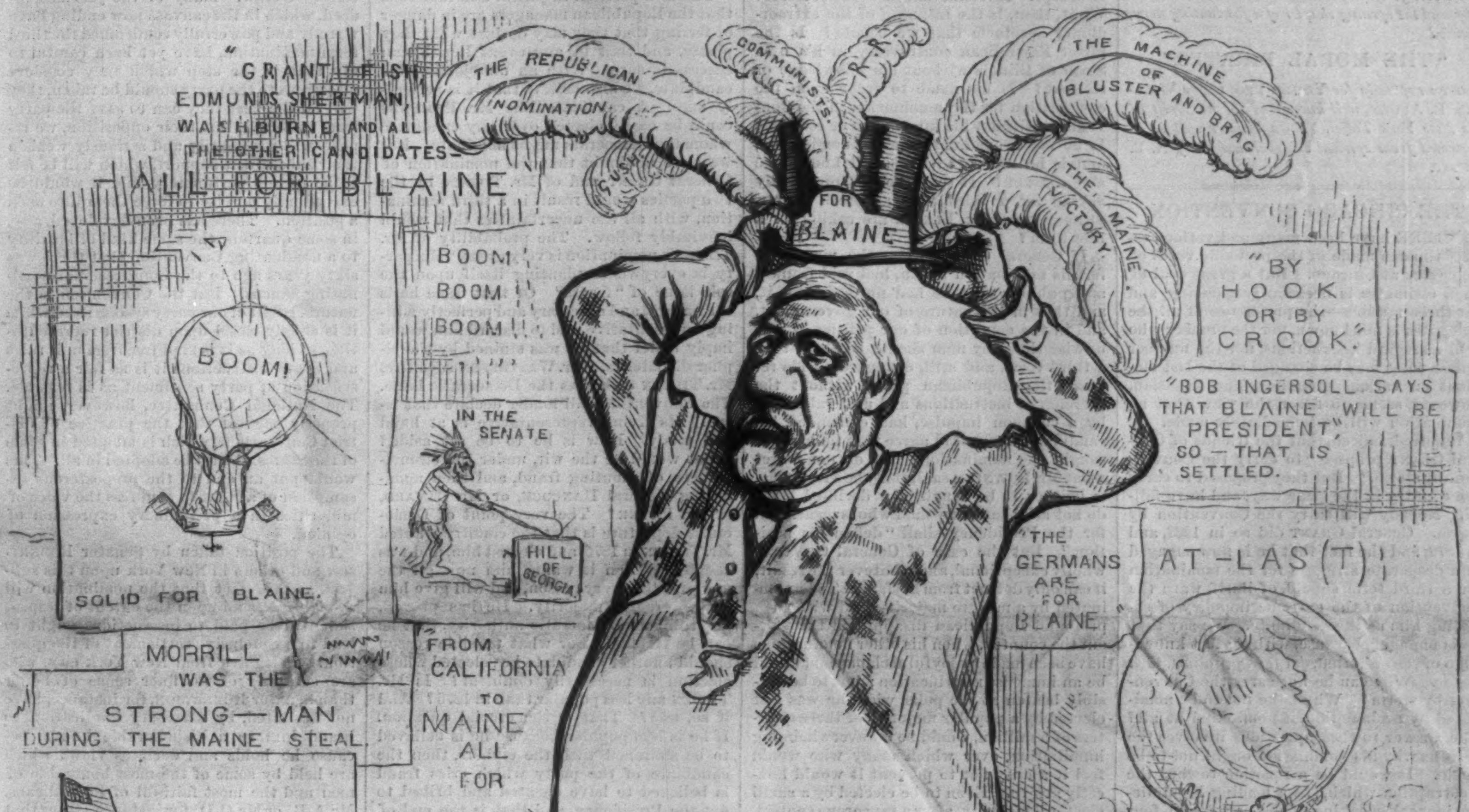


"THE PLUMED KNIGHT."

Mr. Blaine, please "keep your shirt on"—(it's the only thing you have).

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JUNE 5, 1880.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY—16 PAGES.

No. 30 of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, *issued May 25, contains the continuation of "Across the Ocean," and "The Story of George Washington"; a story of "How Jonathan Bewitched the Chickens"; an illustrated article entitled "How to Make an Aviary"; an interesting article on the Ermine, with a spirited illustration; a pretty story entitled "For Mamma's Sake"; and many other literary and pictorial attractions.*

NEW SERIAL STORY FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

In No. 31 of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE *will be found the opening chapter of a fascinating story, entitled*

"THE MORAL PIRATES,"

written expressly for YOUNG PEOPLE, *by* WILLIAM L. ALDEN, *well known as the humorist of the New York Times. Each number will be illustrated from spirited original designs by* A. B. FROST.

THE CHICAGO CONVENTION.

THERE have been many and various estimates made of the probable votes of delegates at Chicago. But a great deal of such estimates is necessarily guessing, and for three reasons—the preference of all the delegates is not known, nor the number who will disregard instructions, nor the number whose votes may be changed at the last moment on various grounds. The situation, however, seems to favor the view that no nomination will be immediately made. It is reported, indeed, that the friends of General GRANT propose "to carry the Convention by storm." But they proposed to carry the country in the same way, and have failed. Nobody will carry the Convention by storm. General GRANT did so in 1868, and in 1872, and the fact that he is now engaged in a desperate struggle for the nomination for a third term should, of itself, warn the Convention of the extreme impolicy of selecting him as the candidate. We say that he is engaged, because, with perfect knowledge of the situation, *qui facit per alium, facit per se*. Why can he not carry the Convention by storm? Why is he not to be nominated by acclamation, if nominated at all? The answer to these questions involves the reasons why his nomination ought not to be made. It would be a reaction toward the "corruption which," as a leading Republican journal, speaking of the party, said, four years ago, "its so-called leaders have suffered to stain its record, and make its honest members hang their heads for shame." Is there any conceivable public or party reason, can there be any other than selfish and personal reasons, why the Republican party should adopt as its platform in 1880 transactions which unquestioned and unquestionable Republican authority so condemns? We do not allege, nor have we alleged, General GRANT'S personal complicity in such transactions. So far as we know, no Republican has ever charged it. But all Republicans know that he was chiefly indignant, not with those who compromised his good name and the success of the party, but with those who sought to punish the offenders. Conceding, as we certainly do, his personal innocence of these scandals, will any Republican deny that they affected public opinion profoundly, and that they were accepted by thousands of voters in the country not as personally staining the President, but as proving conclusively that a radical change of administration was desirable? And if all this be not denied or deniable, we ask again upon what ground of principle or policy Republican voters should be forced to the wretched alternative either of acquiescing in such reaction, or of aiding directly or indirectly a Democratic restoration?

It is because of a general Republican unwillingness to be driven to the defense this year of what so many Republicans earnestly condemned four years ago, that it is idle to speak of "carrying the Convention by storm" for General GRANT. Even if he should be nominated, it will be against a sincere and strong Republican conviction and protest, and, as it now appears, the nomination would be made, not by an actual majority, but only by means of delegates voting reluctantly and under compulsion. While this is true of private Republican feeling, the nomination would be in flagrant disregard of the general formal Republican declaration against a third term. The quibble about an intervening term is contemptible. If the tradition of two terms only should be overthrown by the Republican party this year, does anybody suppose that the four years' interval would be ever heard of again? Does anybody doubt, also, that the argument of imperialism would be a very effective argument with certain classes of Republicans? All these considerations, however strong in themselves, might be considered ineffective from the view of mere party success, if it could be pleaded that the popularity of General GRANT is so overwhelming that it would sweep everything before it. But it is not so. It is proved not to be so. Even were it as great as that of HENRY CLAY among the Whigs, it must be remembered that CLAY could not be elected. But it is not like that of CLAY. There is a general and sincere feeling of grateful regard to General GRANT for his patriotic services, but there is an equally general and sincere feeling that they have been greatly recognized, and there are both wonder and indignation that he should ask for them a higher recognition than WASHINGTON was willing to accept. Is it said that he does not ask it? What, then, is the meaning of the extraordinary spectacle that we behold? Is the bitter Republican controversy in his own State of Illinois without his knowledge or consent? Is his name to enter upon the competition for the nomination in the Convention without his knowledge or consent? Is he not a candidate for the nomination, and is he not so with his full knowledge and consent? If so, is he not practically asking for a third term as much as Mr. SHERMAN and Mr. BLAINE are asking for a first term?

If General GRANT, when the movement for his nomination began, had said frankly and publicly that he had no desire for it, and that in the nature of our government, and in the condition of our politics, it was unwise that any man should be elected for a third term, and still, disregarding his refusal, the Republican party, without the coercion of instructions and unit rules, and by a common impulse, had demanded his candidacy, we should agree that he had not sought the nomination. We do not forget what Mr. LOWNDES said, that the Presidency is neither to be sought nor declined. We do not ask that every man who is mentioned for the Presidency shall "define his position." But the case of General GRANT is wholly exceptional, and whatever the result, it can only detract from his fame. To be nominated by a meagre majority, and with such profound Republican disapproval throughout the country, when his other nominations have been made by joyful acclamation, would be an immense mortification; but to be possibly beaten at the polls, when he was last elected by a popular majority of three quarters of a million, would be an overwhelming humiliation, over which many who would feel it a duty not to prevent it would honestly grieve. Even to be elected by a small electoral majority, after a rancorous contest, would be no added honor or satisfaction to a man who prized above all things the respectful regard of his countrymen. The meeting of the Convention is close at hand, and the question will be soon decided. The Convention owes to the country and to the Republican party that gags and muzzles shall be discarded when it comes to its important duty, and that the action of every delegate, so far as rules can provide, shall be free and fair. This, undoubtedly, will be done. Unless the majority for General GRANT should be decisive, which is now apparently impossible, the committee upon rules will secure perfect freedom of voting to every delegate, or the Convention will amend their report. It is a critical moment for the Republican party. Its ascendency was sure until four years ago. Yet such is the present political feeling, that while any nomination to which actual objections have been offered—not whims or preferences, but objections felt to be real and weighty by intelligent Republicans everywhere—would certainly expose the party to the chance of defeat, a nomination such as that of Mr. EDMUNDS, of a Republican without fear and without reproach, in himself or in his associations, would make the campaign of 1880 a Republican triumph from the Convention to the polls.

THE DEMOCRATIC DILEMMA.

THE very absurdity of the Democratic position is a snare to the Republican side, because it tends to produce a dangerous confidence of success. The Democratic party apparently feels that it is committed to the nomination and support of a gentleman as an anti-fraud candidate whose confidential agents tried to secure his election four years ago by the barest and most undeniable corruption, and whose ignorance of the transaction is not popularly believed to be established. Nor is this all. His nomination would at once insure the division of the Democratic vote in New York, and make his defeat certain. This seems to us an absurd position for a great party. It does not put forward any policy upon any subject whatever. It gives no hint of the financial or reform measures which it would endeavor to enforce. If a man has decided opinions upon the Indian question, or upon the tariff, or upon the currency, or upon any public concern, he is left to draw such conclusions as he can from the traditions and the conduct of the Democratic party as to what a Democratic Administration would probably do. All the information vouchsafed by the party Conventions and papers is that Mr. TILDEN was defrauded of his election in 1876, and therefore he ought to be elected in 1880. To the inquiry whether the revelation of the fraud attempted by his private agents does not make him an undesirable representative of a campaign of political honesty, the only reply is that he is not proved to have known anything about it. In fact, the Democratic cry of fraud is meaningless without Mr. TILDEN as the candidate, and ridiculous with him.

This is a position so pitiful and ludicrous that the Republican managers are in danger of feeling that they may do just what they please, and that in any event Republican success is sure. With an unobjectionable candidate, we also believe that it is perfectly sure. A candidate like Mr. EDMUNDS could be easily elected over any candidate whom the Democrats might nominate. But we have no doubt that the nomination of General GRANT and of Mr. TILDEN by the two parties would result in a third nomination, with all the uncertainties that would inevitably follow. The probability of Mr. TILDEN'S nomination is very great. His party is everywhere planting itself upon the sole issue of "fraud." Of that issue he is the natural and necessary and perfectly willing representative, and to discard him would imply belief that he was stained by the cipher dispatches. Mr. WATTERSON says that Mr. TILDEN embodies the Democratic issue. The Convention will loudly declare that issue. Its living representative is at hand and ready. How is he to be set aside? What would be the wit, under the circumstances, of shouting fraud, and then nominating General HANCOCK, or Mr. BAYARD, or Mr. PAYNE? The very point of Democratic departure is that the country wanted Mr. TILDEN in 1876, and elected him, and was cheated. Then it wants him now all the more for that very reason, and will give him a still greater majority. He has proved, according to Democratic authority, that he can be elected. For what possible reason should another candidate be selected whose election is necessarily doubtful? Is Mr. TILDEN any less popular than in 1876? And if so, *why*? That is the crucial question. If he is less popular because he is believed to be smirched with the ciphers, then the candidate of the party which cries fraud is believed to have cheated and bribed to get the Presidency, and that is the end of "fraud" as a campaign issue.

Now all the honest Democrats, and they are many, who reject Mr. TILDEN because of the ciphers and of the disclosure of the quality of his "reform" principles, should he be nominated, would stay at home, or vote for a perfectly "clean" Republican candidate. But party ties and traditions are strong, and if the alternative were simply an objectionable Democratic and an objectionable Republican candidate, they would vote with their party. This body of Democrats, however, would be disposed to favor a third ticket, and it does not seem to us at all improbable that in the present political situation the nomination by the two parties of candidates to whom the strongest party objections have been made would give an unexceptionable third nomination a great and general impulse. The absurdity of the Democratic position should not, therefore, foster Republican confidence that any Republican nomination is equivalent to an election. It is only a nomination to which no serious objection can be taken by any large body of Republicans which makes success sure.

A POINT TO BE SETTLED.

THE Republican campaign for the nomination, which is now ending, has been the most exciting and bitter that the party has ever known. The Liberal movement of 1872 was a bolt before the nominating Convention. The Cincinnati Convention nominated Mr. GREELEY in May, 1872, and the Republican Convention renominated General GRANT in the following June. But although the secession had notable leaders, there was no general Republican feeling of dissatisfaction and opposition comparable in extent and depth to that with which the possibility of a renomination of General GRANT has been combated for the last three or four months. The Democratic journals announce with great glee that they have been storing up from Republican sources all the ammunition they shall need against any probable Republican candidate, and this position of the press is a consideration which delegates may well ponder. A party campaign must be largely carried on by party journals; and when so many of the leading journals have so strenuously opposed a nomination as imperilling party success, it is wise for party managers to reflect that however much crow and humble-pie those journals may eat, and however zealously they may do battle, they will be constantly confronted with their own opposition, turned as batteries against themselves.

In 1872 there was virtual unanimity in the Republican press before the Convention. In 1876 the preliminary contest was so uncertain, and the actual candidates so many, that there was comparatively little bitterness of difference. All the journals that favored any one of the candidates did so in a tone which showed that they had great doubt of his success, and that they were perfectly ready to shout for the candidate, whoever he might be, and without the least terror of crow. Many of the journals, indeed, which in the canvass now ending have warmly and powerfully condemned the third term nomination, have yet been careful to say that if the step which they consider disastrous to the party should be taken, they will do the best they can to save the party from its fate. But their opposition, we repeat, will necessarily and seriously weaken their subsequent support, which will be felt to be merely perfunctory, and it would be exceedingly unwise to force them into such a position. There has been developed, also, in some quarters, the same kind of hostility to a nominating Convention that there was sixty years ago to the Congressional nominating caucus. But the Convention is the natural result of our party system; and while it is chiefly based upon district representation, so long as it is kept free from unit rules and State instructions it is as fair a representation of party sentiment as is feasible. The National Committee, however, might properly suggest that the practice of district Conventions, which is adopted in some of the States, should be adopted in all. This would put an end to the preposterous assumption of a right to suppress the voice of minorities in a preliminary expression of opinion.

The position taken by Senator ROBERTSON and others in New York upon this subject, and the fact that the nomination will probably depend upon the extent of respect that will be paid to instructions, ought to lead to a conclusive settlement of the question. Delegates from New York city, who are certainly of no finer sense of honor than Senator ROBERTSON, for instance, have not hesitated, by necessary implication, to brand him as a dishonorable knave, because he holds and declares views which are held by some of the most honorable of men and the most faithful of Republicans. Mr. A. B., or Mr. C. D., for instance, states that he considers himself in honor bound, as a district delegate, to obey the instructions of the State Convention. Senator ROBERTSON says that he considers himself in honor bound to disregard the wishes of other constituencies, and to respect the wishes of the constituency that he represents. Mr. A. B. and Mr. C. D. proceed to say that a man who holds such opinions and conforms to them is a knave. Senator ROBERTSON has certainly the right to brand Messrs. B. and D. in the same way. It is quite time that this question was settled, and it is the province of the National Committee to settle it by express recommendation. The warmth of the preliminary canvass is too great to be readily dissipated, except by the nomination of a candidate upon whom every wing of the party can unite. The ability of the Convention to take such a course would of itself commend the party to the confidence of the country.

THE WHITTAKER CASE.

THE evidence, as we write, in the WHITTAKER case, points very strongly against WHITTAKER. There is naturally great disinclination to believe that a young man should be capable not only of injuring his whole race, which is the necessary result of his conduct if he be guilty, but that he should strike at two associates by what, under the theory of his guilt, is the meanest perjury. The general result of the investigation at this time is the agreement of the experts that the writing in the letter of warning is WHITTAKER'S own writing, and that it was written upon the half of a sheet of paper, upon the other half of which he had written to his mother. This last fact is supposed to be established by a microscopic examination, which proves that the edges of the two halves of the sheet fit each other perfectly. This unexpected and damaging circumstantial evidence, however, was received by WHITTAKER himself with entire calmness, and with the acknowledgment that it was certainly very remarkable. He had just repeated his original version of the affair, from

which he has not swerved, and by the time this paper is issued the verdict will have been made up by the court of inquiry, and submitted to the authorities at Washington.

The weak point in the theory of WHITTAKER's guilt is that no adequate object for his conduct has been suggested or supposed. No personal injury or assault could affect ultimately his standing at the school, nor his degree. It might awaken personal sympathy for him, and deepen detestation of the prejudice which pursues his race. But it could not do more, and, except upon the supposition that he is a fool, it is impossible to understand why he should have cut his own ears. But this is only a palliative of the weight of the testimony. Men have been hung, doubtless, upon weaker circumstantial evidence than that which confronts WHITTAKER. If it be difficult to see why he should have been guilty of such a criminal folly as an attempt to injure all his associates and the character of the school, it is not less difficult to understand why any friend who wished to warn him anonymously of a contemplated injury should go to WHITTAKER's room to write the letter, and attempt to imitate WHITTAKER's writing. This is equally inexplicable, and upon the usual rules of evidence the weight would seem to be against WHITTAKER. It is, however, a very extraordinary case, and one upon which no general agreement of opinion can be expected. Those who had no doubt whatever, when the facts were first published, that it was but another of the endless and innumerable wrongs and persecutions of which the colored people have been the victims, will refuse to believe that WHITTAKER is guilty until he owns it. Those, on the other hand, who are impatient of the peculiar importance which events have attached to the colored race will rejoice that WHITTAKER's guilt, which they consider proved, will deepen the feeling of the "inferiority" of his race.

Should his guilt be finally established, the act will be a blunder no less than a crime. Whatever his purpose may have been, the necessary result of his conduct will be injurious to "his people." It is openly alleged that it had a political significance, that he was "put up" to it, just at this time, in order to inflame Northern sentiment with a new form of outrage, and to exasperate feeling against the Southerners and the Democratic party. The improvement to be drawn from this view is obvious. If this alleged outrage is shown to be no outrage whatever, but a carefully planned trick to excite political animosity, it will be urged that the outrages in the Southern States are of the same kind, and that they are either wholly invented, or that they are the work of those who decry them, and done to stimulate and prolong ill feeling. But however this may be, and whether WHITTAKER be guilty or innocent, there is no question that every colored cadet will be socially ostracized at West Point, and probably still more certainly after this incident. It is, therefore, more important than ever that the school should be under the charge of officers who are known not to share this feeling, and whose just influence will be to show to the young men its meanness and injustice. The cadets will govern their social relations by considerations which laws can not regulate, but no honorable man will treat any honorable associate in a manner necessarily wounding to his just sensibilities.

TUNNELLING THE HUDSON RIVER.

THE Hudson River Tunnel Bill has passed the Senate of New York, and it is an event of great importance, not only to the city, but to the whole country. The design is to dig a tunnel under the Hudson River, and to provide continuous communication with the city upon dry land for at least six important railroads. On the New Jersey side, indeed, the work has been in progress for some time, and the tunnel has advanced already about two hundred feet under the river. The perfect feasibility of such works has been long established. The Thames Tunnel is fifty years old, and no serious accident has ever happened. But it has been chiefly a curiosity, valuable as showing that such works can be accomplished.

The interest of the proposed Hudson Tunnel is very great and significant; for if it should be completed, it is fair to anticipate a continuation of the work entirely around the harbor, even to the Narrows. A tunnel under the North and East rivers, under the narrow Kill von Kull between Staten Island and New Jersey, and under the Narrows from Staten Island to Long Island, would complete the circuit around the city, so that residents within that immense area could reach New York on dry land, and railroads could develop it as no other transit can.

It is a project quite as practicable as the tunnel already begun, or as the mountain tunnels which have been completed within a few years. The *Evening Post* is, we believe, to be credited with the original suggestion of the circuit tunnel, which, as it truly remarks, is not more visionary than the elevated railroads and the Brooklyn Bridge seemed to be a few years since. The astonishing success of the elevated roads encourages all enterprises which aim to extend the area of convenient dwellings with rapid and easy access to the city, and there is no reason, we believe, to doubt that the Assembly will concur with the Senate in passing the Tunnel Bill.

INDEPENDENT JOURNALISM.

IT is an axiom that the press is powerful in the degree that it is independent. The suspicion of personal, or commercial, or merely partisan motives is fatal to its real influence. The support which an editor gives, for instance, to an administration under which he holds office, is as valuable as that which another paper may give to a ring from which it receives profitable contracts, but it is no more so. This is no less true of the thralldom of party. A journal which is known as a party "organ"—that is to say, as a paper which will defend party action through thick and thin, and which knows no other principle than the dictates of "the grand old party"—is behind the age in which a great journal, by its patriotic independence, is, as was finely said of Sir ROBERT PEEL when he broke with his associates, "himself a party."

This independent position of the press is well and proudly asserted in the first number of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, in London, after the retirement of its late editor. The paper expressed its obligations to him, and praised his independence. This is the quality, it said, by which the paper has been distinguished in the past, and will be characterized in the future. "The *Pall Mall Gazette*, in the livery of a party or in the train of a Minister, might still retain its name, but it would be the mere shadow of its former self.... It has been, is now, and will be our boast to judge each question on its merits as it rises, to have neither party nor programme, and to keep true to our old traditions of liberty and independence."

This position is not at all inconsistent with the conviction that the general spirit and purpose of one party are preferable to those of the other. JOHN MORLEY, who is the new editor of the *Pall Mall*, is a most positive Liberal in opinion and sympathy. But that is consonant with independence, as he will doubtless prove; and the words we have quoted are fast becoming the "platform" of the most powerful journals everywhere.

THE DUTY OF CONGRESS.

THE House of Representatives has voted to adjourn on the 31st of May, and the Republican vote in favor of adjournment was almost unanimous. But there are three questions upon which Republicans should press action before adjournment. First and foremost, the rule for the electoral count should be definitively settled; second, the marshals' payment bill for the enforcement of the election laws should be adjusted; and some changes in the tariff, imperatively demanded in the interest of public education, should be made. The repeal of the wood-pulp duty, for instance, which was imposed by the ruling of the Secretary of the Treasury, would lift a tax from knowledge without taking a dollar from the revenue, and it is not creditable that this relief has not been given by common consent.

The argument that Congress may as well adjourn because it will do nothing but manufacture campaign documents in the form of political speeches may be sound; but it is an equally valid argument for omitting the session every fourth year, or restricting its business to the passage of the necessary appropriations. The quadrennial paralysis does not affect the duty of honest legislators to demand that Congress do the work for which it assembles. Nothing can be a plainer or more peremptory duty of this Congress than to provide a reasonable method of counting the electoral vote. The results of doing nothing, and inanely prattling that all is very well as it is, were shown in the winter of 1876–77. If that situation was not a warning, we can not be warned.

The preposterous bill of Senator MORGAN, of which we spoke last week, ought to be discussed and exposed and opposed, and the responsibility made to lie where it belongs. It is a Democratic proposition to overthrow in each State its control of its own electoral vote, and to make Congress a Returning Board for the whole country, to decide every question by a snap judgment. The vigorous discussion of such a plan ought not to be evaded by adjournment, for nothing would more arouse the country to the suspicious designs of the Democratic party.

A GLIMPSE OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

A SAGACIOUS public man in Europe, of wide experience and acquaintance in political circles, says that GLADSTONE's victory annoyed BISMARCK exceedingly. But he adds, what is very interesting and important, that it has undoubtedly, upon the whole, caused great satisfaction all over the Continent, where reaction was becoming rampant, and threatened to paralyze the liberal movement everywhere. There is also a profound feeling of relief in the general conviction that the Liberal victory in England makes the preservation of peace upon the Continent very much more probable; and our authority is of the opinion that the not wholly unfounded rumors of an Anglo-Austrian-German alliance, or at least intimate understanding, contributed largely to the Liberal triumph.

This is interesting as a side light upon the consequences of the BEACONSFIELD ascendency, which Liberals in England like Mr. COWEN, of Newcastle, had not properly considered. Mr. COWEN, and those who called themselves "Liberal Jingoes," supported Lord BEACONSFIELD's foreign policy upon the ground that it tended to arrest Russia, and was the policy of civilization against barbarism. But this glimpse shows that while it was vaguely and theoretically and doubtfully opposed to Russian autocracy, it fostered directly and dangerously European imperialism.

It could be small satisfaction to an honest English Liberal to know that some remote and possible design of Russia had been thwarted in Asia Minor or in European Turkey at the cost of alarm and despair to Continental liberals. But it is plain that to the natural allies of Liberal England in Europe Lord BEACONSFIELD was as hostile a figure as Lord CASTLEREAGH sixty years ago, and that the approval of his administration in England would have re-enforced every despotism in Europe. The two tendencies are always active. The error of Mr. COWEN seems to us to be that he thought that England could be politically regarded independently of other nations. But that is impossible. Tory England can not do the work of Liberal England, while the administration of Mr. GLADSTONE is the assurance of friendly sympathy to every honest liberal movement upon the Continent. If BISMARCK was annoyed, it was because his purpose and BEACONSFIELD's were at heart one.

MORE GENEROSITY.

WE lately mentioned the generosity of ex-Senator MORGAN, Miss TALMAN, and Mr. PALMER in giving large sums of money for religious and literary purposes, and we have now more of the same kind of generosity, which we like to call American, to record. Immediately after the melancholy disaster at Madison Square Garden, which destroyed the prospects of the Hahnemann Hospital Fair, which then occupied the building, Mrs. A. T. STEWART, Judge HILTON, and R. L. STUART, Esq., sent to the managers their checks for ten thousand dollars each, and very generous contributions were made by others.

To this gratifying list there is to be added the gift of Mr. R. T. AUCHMUTY to the Industrial Art Schools of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. The school of that kind which it has maintained during the winter at the corner of Broadway and Sixteenth Street has been very successful, the classes in wood and metal averaging twenty-five members each. Mr. AUCHMUTY, who has watched the school with especial interest, has now offered the trustees the free use for three years of a large site on First Avenue, near Sixty-seventh Street, upon which he proposes to erect a spacious building of two hundred feet front, and running back in two wings for one hundred and thirty feet. This building will be adapted to the use of industrial schools, and Mr. AUCHMUTY will support them for three years at his own expense, placing them, however, under the exclusive supervision of the trustees. He hopes that at the end of the time the State would foster them, and he does not bind himself to support them longer.

The trustees, of course, have accepted this generous proposal. There will be classes by day, and if there be a demand, by night also, in drawing and designing in wood-work and iron; in the chemical composition of colors and the principles of mixing them; besides technical instruction in wood-work and the working of iron and stone. It will be, in fact, a school of American industrial art, and it will emphasize the truth that the purpose of the Metropolitan Museum is not to provide an elegant lounging-place and promenade, but to foster the tastes and train the faculties which will bring beauty to the most familiar objects, and bring its refining ministry into the poorest households. Beauty is as cheap as ugliness, and the man who helps to teach that truth is a public benefactor.

PERSONAL.

THE London *Athenæum* says of the author of *Reata: What's in a Name?* a novel which has been running through *Blackwood* for the past twelve months, and which has just been published in this country by the HARPERS: "'E. D. Gerard' stands, we believe, for the names of two ladies who have a hereditary connection with literature. They are descendants of Professor GERARD, of Aberdeen, whose work on *Taste* was held in great repute in the last century, until superseded by that of the elder ALISON, who was the great-grandfather of these ladies. It is interesting to notice the good literary strain of the ALISONS and GREGORIES manifesting itself in a first novel. The elder of the co-authors is, we believe, married to Colonel VON LASZOUSKI, commanding a regiment of Uhlans in the Austrian service."

—The eldest unmarried daughter of the Duke of Argyll, Lady ELIZABETH CAMPBELL, is engaged to a young officer, Mr. TAYLOR, who has just been appointed aide-de-camp to Lord RIPON. The marriage will take place in a few weeks, and the young couple then go out to India.

—Portugal honors itself more than its great poet, CAMOENS, in celebrating the third centennial of his death, on the 8th, 9th, and 10th of June. He distinguished himself when young in several battles against the Moors, but as he fell in love with a lady of the court, his services were forgotten, and he was banished, embarking for India, exclaiming, with SCIPIO, "*Ingrata patria, non possidebis ossa mea!*" He wrote in exile several satires, and nobly celebrated Portuguese valor, his greatest epic being the "Lusiad." He was recalled in 1561, but that was all that was done for him. Portugal's greatest poet, he was permitted to live in poverty: he died three hundred years ago the coming 10th of June.

—The newly elected editor of the New York *Christian Advocate*, Rev. Dr. J. M. BUCKLEY, is one of the ablest and most popular ministers in the Methodist Episcopal Church. He is the son of a Methodist clergyman, and was born in Rahway, New Jersey, in 1836. He was educated at Pennington Seminary, in his native State, and afterward spent some time at Wesleyan University, but ill health compelled him to leave college before the completion of his course. In 1859 he joined the New Hampshire Conference, and was stationed at Manchester and Dover. Five years later he was appointed pastor of the Woodward Avenue Church, in Detroit, Michigan, and at the end of his term there was transferred to the New York East Conference. His last charge was the Hanson Place Church, in Brooklyn, New York. His predecessor in the editorial chair of the *Advocate* thus describes his personal appearance: "He is of short stature, like St. PAUL, standing five feet and a half in his stockings, and weighing one hundred and fifty pounds. He is bald-headed, like SOCRATES. He has dark thin whiskers and mustache. His eyes are round, gray, and steady. He is nervous, quick, and ready, yet calm, deliberate, and authoritative."

—Mr. BRADLAUGH, M.P. for Northampton, declined to take the usual Parliamentary oath, and demanded of the Speaker leave to be permitted instead to make an affirmation such as would now be accepted from him in a court of justice. On his making this request, Lord F. CAVENDISH, as the representative of the government, moved for a committee to consider and report to the House whether such a course could be permitted as consistent with the common law and traditions of the House of Commons. The London *Spectator* says, "If Mr. BRADLAUGH's request can not be legally complied with without a change in the law, a short bill should be introduced and passed at once to meet the case."

—The Marquis of Bute has presented to the Hon. WIRT SIKES, United States Consul at Cardiff, Wales, and author of *British Goblins*, a superbly bound copy of a very rare work, by NILSSON, on the Stone Age.

—THOMAS HUGHES, author of *Tom Brown at Oxford*, will visit the United States this summer.

—The other day there died in Paris a journeyman bookbinder who many may have been surprised to hear had been almost exclusively engaged during the last years of his life in working for Baron ROTHSCHILD. He was an artist like those of five hundred years ago, and he worked little, but what little he did was done superlatively well. He not only designed the most original patterns for book-covers, but the simpler work of merely binding the pages of a book together with string and glue was performed with a skill that commended itself to the judgment even of superficial observers.

—At a recent meeting of Baptist ministers in this city the Rev. Dr. T. J. CONANT, of Brooklyn, read a paper on the importance of translating, and not transferring, Greek and Hebrew terms. In the discussion which followed, the doctor created considerable laughter by his answer to a question put concerning the precise meaning of the word *baptism*. He said the word had been transferred from the Greek, and the religious denominations had interpreted it differently. He knew of no better way to show its exact meaning than to give an old Greek recipe for turnip salad: "Peel the turnips, cut them in quarters, and then *baptize* them in pickle."

—It is stated that Dr. S. F. SMITH, author of "My Country, 'tis of Thee," has been engaged to deliver the poem at the coming anniversary of the alumni of Brown University. Dr. SMITH has quite dropped out of sight of late years. He was a member of that famous class of '29 of Harvard, which Dr. HOLMES, who was also a member, has sung so often. In one of these metrical tributes to the class, the Autocrat speaks of his classmate as follows:

"Here comes a young fellow of excellent pith;
Fame tried to conceal him by naming him SMITH;
But he shouted a song for the brave and the free;
Just read on his medal, 'My country,' 'of thee.'"

—LYMAN K. BASS, Esq., who during his brief career in Congress as Representative from Buffalo won distinguished reputation as a speaker and business member, was compelled some three years ago to go to Colorado on account of ill health. In a pecuniary way he was previously well placed. On arriving he accepted the position of assistant attorney for the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad Company, and was intrusted with the management of their prolonged litigation with the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe Railroad Company, and finally argued the case before the United States Supreme Court. The decision was so much in his favor that the suit was amicably settled. He supposed he was on a salary of $5000 a year, but recently was happily astonished with a gift of $15,000 in the stock of the company (now worth nearly par), as a testimonial of the directors' appreciation of his legal services.

—Prince METTERNICH, who is about to publish the third volume of his father's *Memoirs*, is said to be a man of sterling qualities hidden under a somewhat phlegmatic and chilly exterior. His manners are those of a polished man of the world.

—Count WILLIAM BISMARCK, eldest son of the Chancellor, has just made his maiden speech in the German Parliament. In appearance and manner of speaking he resembles his father—has his rather hoarse voice, his pauses in the midst of his sentences, and his energetic but unvaried gestures.

—EDMOND DE PRESSENSÉ, D.D., well known here as in Europe as an eminent Protestant preacher and writer, has been appointed secretary of the French legation at Washington—the first instance in which a Protestant clergyman has been thus honored by France.

—Paris has an eccentric millionaire, M. MOLIER, who has a splendid residence in the Rue de Benouville, Avenue du Bois de Boulogne. It is the particular joy of this droll body to have a private circus near his house. A few evenings since he gave his first entertainment, which proved a great success, all the performers, even the clowns, being well-known personalities in Paris society.

—Mr. W. S. NORTHCOTE, son of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, informs a London journal that there now exists a flag—being none other than the first star-spangled banner ever sent to sea by the United States—which was preserved from capture by Lieutenant J. B. STAFFORD in the action between the *Serapis* and the *Bon Homme Richard*, off Scarborough, in 1779. This is a valuable and interesting relic, and Mr. NORTHCOTE quite establishes the authenticity of the flag in question. The *Daily Telegraph*, in a graphic sketch of the career of PAUL JONES, and the action between the *Serapis* and the *Bon Homme Richard*, with which his name is indestructibly connected, casts grave doubts on Mr. NORTHCOTE's statements, and quotes PROSPER MÉRIMÉE, who used to protest that he cared for nothing in history except its anecdotes, which he felt to be truer than the inferences drawn from them by historians. But Mr. NORTHCOTE tells a straightforward story, and doubtless the flag is genuine.

A CRUISE IN A TEN-TONNER.

CRUISE IN A TEN-TONNER.

OUR illustrations are taken from a cruise made in September, 1879. The old spelling-books or primers give a description of how four naughty boys went to the water, and one was drowned. Their names, as recorded, were Jones, Brown, Robinson, etc. In this case of the ten-tonner, the crew was composed of Brown and three friends, all Britons and good sailor-men. Fortunately no one was quite drowned, but they all narrowly escaped, as our narrative will show.

Only think of a fine September evening, calm, with occasional light air, everything snug and ready on board, for the craft was well found. Soon they get under way, and drop down from Erith, passing Gravesend about seven o'clock in the evening. With their side lights burning brightly, they sailed on to Holehaven, where they dropped anchor about eleven o'clock.

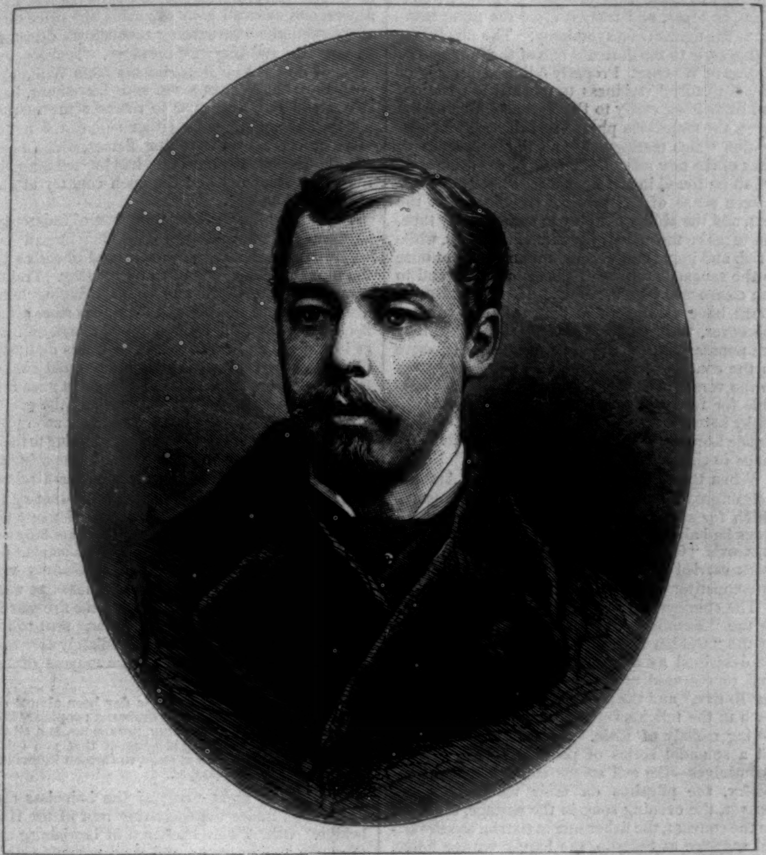
Whilst the port watch were below calmly sleeping, the starboard watch on deck, about eight bells in the morning watch, as the moon was still shining, quietly got under way, and as the east gradually illumined, the wind began to freshen fast. By eight o'clock it blew half a gale. The Mouse Light-ship was in sight, and the Maplin Beacon. By this time they had struck their topmast, and got a double reef in their mainsail, and put her about, and rammed her up against wind and a heavy sea. Whether the craft was unaccustomed to this kind of forcing, or whether old age had begun to tell upon her constitution, somehow she began to leak, so much so that two hands of the watch below had to bale their hardest, whilst the other two hands worked on deck. This occurred about 12 o'clock M. Immediately after this she touched a shoal. Brown went overboard, but his mate fortunately ran aft and seized him. He was scarcely on deck again before the jib-sheet was carried away. The young hand, however, was soon at the bowsprit end; and after two good duckings—for she was putting her nose well into it by this time—he succeeded in getting it back again.

Down below, the baling party had their hands full, for the water was gaining fast, and was over the cabin floor.

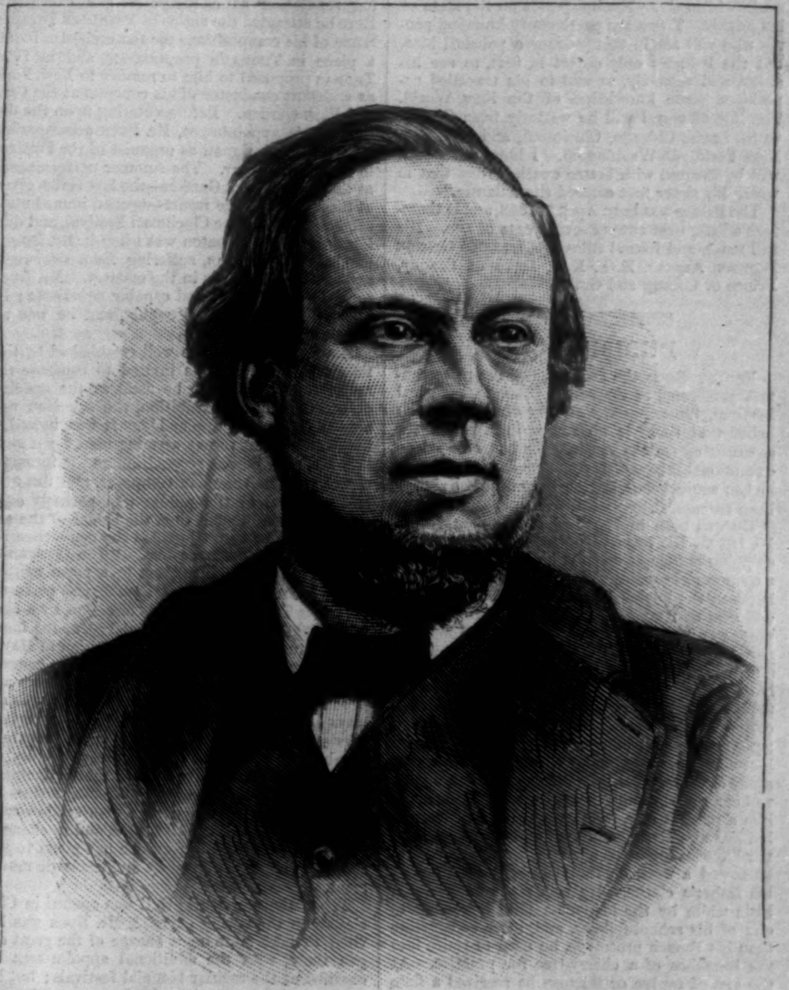
Another excitement on deck! The jib was blown out of the bolt-ropes, and the bowsprit snapped short off just outside the nose, as she plunged heavily into each succeeding sea. By this time it was three o'clock. Southend was in sight, so they bore up for it as they best could, hoping to drop anchor near the pier. They were, however, doomed never to go through that performance, for the little craft began to sink, and the only thing left was to get into the dingey and make for the pier if possible.

The weather had hardly moderated at all, therefore four hands in the tiny nut-shell brought about the unhappy result of her filling also. Now comes the sad part of the story.

This adventure had been seen and noticed from the Southend pier, which runs out more than a mile from the shore. A large boat put off, with three men in it. With what object, do you suppose? To save the poor fellows in the dingey? Of course. It was so; but on what conditions, do you think? One can hardly believe it, but still it is a fact, that they demanded twenty pounds to land the four shipwrecked mariners, who said they



PRINCE LEOPOLD.



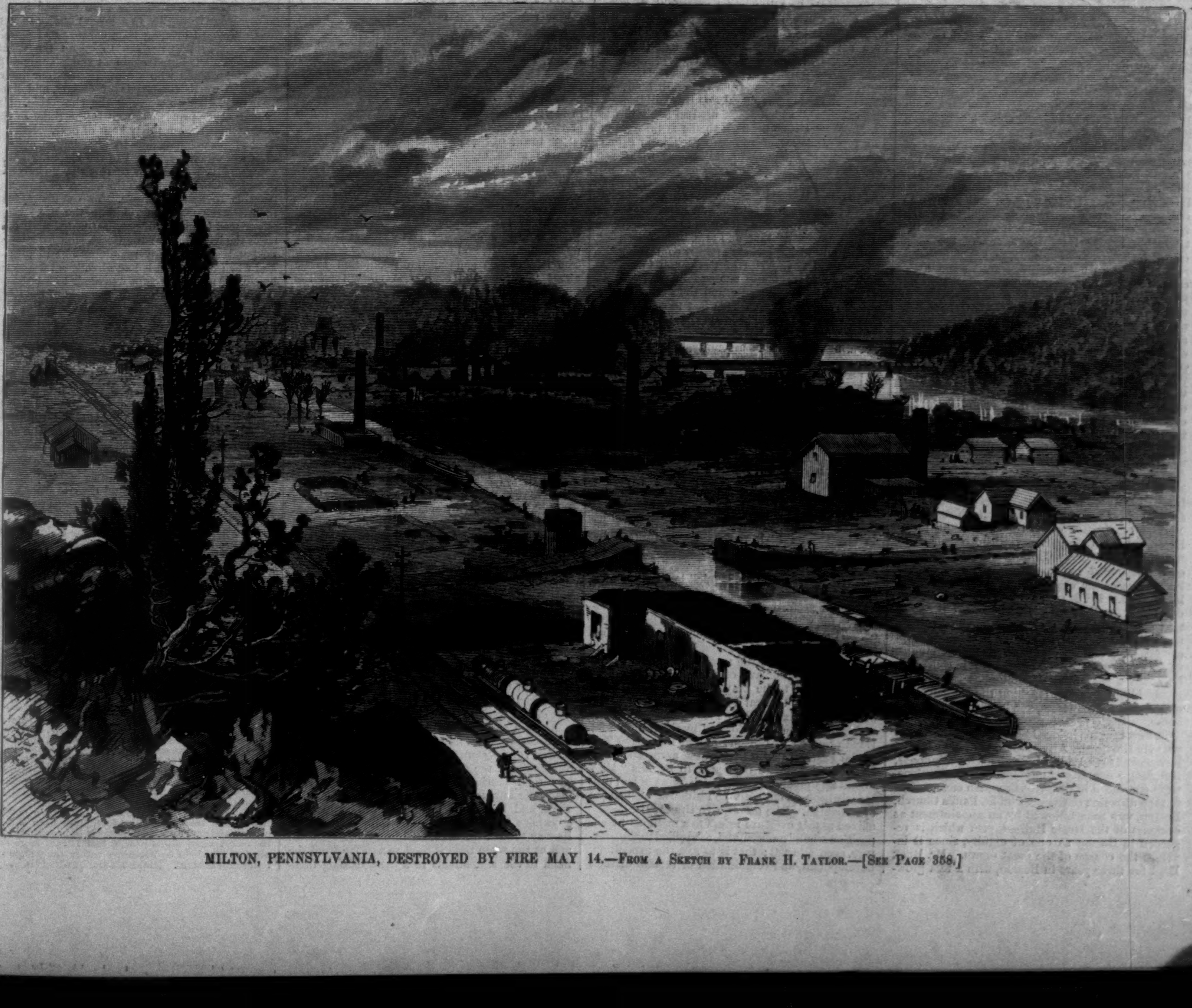
DUDLEY BUCK.—Photographed by Pearsall.—[See Page 358.]

would rather swim for it. However, it was eventually arranged that three pounds and the hull of the sunken craft should be the price; and the last illustration shows the "happy return" along a mile and a quarter of pier, after a most enjoyable cruise.

PRINCE LEOPOLD.

Reports of the intention of Prince Leopold, the youngest son of Queen Victoria, to visit America, have been so often made and then contradicted, that hardly any one believed that he was coming, until the announcement appeared in the newspapers that he had actually sailed. The young Prince left Liverpool for Canada May 13, accompanied by his friend Mr. Alec Yorke, and his medical attendant, Mr. Rhyl.

The well-informed London correspondent of the New York *Times*, writing of the royal visit, says: "The party will pay a long visit to Ottawa. The Princess Louise and her younger brother have always evinced a great affection for each other, and Leopold was much distressed at the recent carriage accident, which, it is said, has shattered the lady's health more than is generally known. The Prince, as you know, is physically the weakest and mentally the strongest member of the royal family. While his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales is a man of sound common-sense and diplomatic capacity, a keen sportsman, and a gentleman of high attainments, his capacity has been a matter of training. Leopold, perhaps owing somewhat to his illnesses, which have enforced upon him much time for thoughtful reflection, has developed real intellectual power, literary skill, and the gift of eloquence. He is arranging to travel through the United States after visiting his sister. I hope he is not driving the time too close into the summer. His original plans contemplated a tour of twelve months' duration, but they have been modified, and he may come home



MILTON, PENNSYLVANIA, DESTROYED BY FIRE MAY 14.—From a Sketch by Frank H. Taylor.—[See Page 358.]

again within six. Much depends on the state of his health. There are particularly knowing people who will see in this journey a political idea, but the Prince's only object is, first, to see his sister, and secondly, to add to his travelled experience some knowledge of the New World. The line of travel will be westerly from Canada to St. Louis, Chicago, Cincinnati, and thence to New York, *viâ* Washington. I hope the Prince will be favored with better weather than that in which his sister first crossed the Atlantic."

The Prince was born April 7, 1853, and is therefore a little over twenty-seven years of age. His full name and formal titles are, LEOPOLD GEORGE DUNCAN ALBERT, K.G., K.T., Duke of Saxony, Prince of Coburg and Gotha.

DUDLEY BUCK.

DUDLEY BUCK, the composer of the prize cantata performed at the recent Cincinnati Musical Festival, illustrates the fallacy of the common belief that there is no career in America for a writer of serious music. He has enjoyed no exceptional favors of fortune, he has aimed high, he has worked conscientiously, and he has always been successful.

He was born in Hartford, Connecticut, March 10, 1839. His father, DUDLEY BUCK, Sen., was a shipping merchant, and the lad was educated for a commercial career. There is a curious parallel between the boyhood of our American musician and that of HECTOR BERLIOZ. The French composer was intended for a doctor; and although his parents were willing that he should amuse himself a little with music, they looked upon art as a highly objectionable career. BERLIOZ taught himself to play on an old flageolet which he found in an odd corner of the house, and afterward discovering among some ancient books RAMEAU'S treatise on harmony, he spent many a night in the secret study of thorough-bass. When his father, unable to bear the shrieking flageolet any longer, made him a present of a new flute as a palliative, the lad was already something of a performer. DUDLEY likewise began his musical studies alone. He borrowed a work on thorough-bass from one of his father's clerks. He was made happy for a little while by the loan of a flute belonging to one of his school-fellows, and, more considerate than his French prototype, he used to retire into the branches of a cherry-tree for practice. At the age of twelve or thirteen he received a flute of his own as a birthday gift, and there was no little astonishment in the family when it appeared that he already knew how to use it. To the flute, after a while, was added a melodeon, on which the boy taught himself to play some of the masses of HAYDN and MOZART, and choruses of HANDEL. At last, when he was sixteen years old, DUDLEY reached the possession of a piano, and was permitted to take one-quarter's lessons from a teacher in Hartford, Mr. W. J. BABCOCK. About the same time he entered Trinity College, Hartford. While he was a student there be played the organ in St. John's Episcopal Church.

His parents were too sensible to insist upon his abandoning a pursuit for which it was now plain that he had a decided taste and aptitude, and since nature intended him for a musician, they wisely determined that, so far as it lay in them, he should be a good one. Accordingly, in 1858, he was allowed to leave college, being then in his Junior year, and to go to Europe for a thorough musical education. At the age of nineteen, therefore, we find him a student of the famous Leipsic Conservatory, along with CARL ROSA, ARTHUR SULLIVAN, JOHN FRANCIS BARNETT, S. B. MILLS, MADELINE SCHILLER, and many others, who have since become distinguished. His teachers of harmony and composition were the venerable MORITZ HAUPTMANN, one of the most eminent theorists of our time, and ERNST FRIEDRICH RICHTER, whose writings are in the highest esteem, and who now holds, together with his professorship, the honorable post of Cantor of the Thomas School. He studied orchestration under JULIUS RIETZ, the friend of MENDELSSOHN, and the successor of that master in the direction of the Gewandhaus concerts. He studied the piano-forte under MOSCHELES and PLAIDY. To perfect his knowledge of the organ he afterward went to Dresden, and put himself under the care of JOHANN GOTTLOB SCHNEIDER, one of the greatest and most thorough of all modern masters of that noble instrument—an organist of the strict school, in whom lived the old traditions. How well Mr. BUCK made use of his time under this famous teacher he has shown since his return home, not only by his skill as a performer, but by his excellent and somewhat novel book, *Illustrations in Choir Accompaniment* (New York, 1877), a publication which treats of a much neglected branch of organ-playing, with thoroughness, pure taste, a sound appreciation of the spirit of ecclesiastical music, and ample and minute knowledge of the character and resources of the instrument. Dr. JULIUS RIETZ removed to Dresden about the time that Mr. BUCK went there, so that our young countryman was enabled to continue his lessons with one of the best of his Leipsic masters, while he pursued his organ studies under SCHNEIDER. After three years in Germany, he spent a year in Paris, adding to his general musical knowledge, and making the acquaintance of artists and composers, and in 1862 he returned home.

Family reasons induced him to remain for some years in Hartford. After the death of his parents, he removed to Chicago, where all his worldly goods, including a quantity of unpublished compositions, were consumed in the great fire. An engagement to take direction of the choir of St. Paul's Church, Boston, was soon followed by an appointment as organist of the Music Hall—a post which is regarded in Boston as one of dignity, since it involves the charge of the great organ. Mr. BUCK lived for three years in Boston, with a fast growing reputation as a composer and executant. Here he attracted the notice of THEODORE THOMAS. Some of his compositions for the orchestra found a place in THOMAS'S programmes, and in 1875 THOMAS proposed to him to remove to New York as assistant conductor of his concerts at the Central Park Garden. Before entering upon the duties of this appointment, Mr. BUCK accompanied his chief to Cincinnati as organist of the Festival in May of that year. The summer performances at the Central Park Garden—the last series given at that once favorite resort—opened immediately after the close of the Cincinnati Festival, and during the season the baton was often in Mr. BUCK'S hands, while THOMAS, suffering from overwork, rested with his family in the country. Mr. BUCK proved a most trusty and capable substitute; he knew the orchestra thoroughly, and he was always self-possessed.

His reputation was so well established by this time that when he was invited to compose the music for a cantata to be sung at the opening of the Centennial Exhibition, the selection was almost universally applauded. It was, indeed, a high compliment to pay a young man, for it gave him a sort of official recognition as the foremost representative American composer, and the general approval of the public was perhaps even more of a compliment than the choice of the authorities. The result justified the confidence reposed in Mr. BUCK'S powers. "The Centennial Meditation of Columbia," set to a poem written for the occasion by SIDNEY LANIER, was performed, under THEODORE THOMAS'S direction, by a chorus of 800, and an orchestra of 150, at the inauguration of the Philadelphia Exhibition in May.

The cantata is short and animated; its general character is bright, but dignified; the effects are produced by simple means; the expression is always clear. Being strongly marked by a certain persistent rhythm, and not divided into separate numbers, the work has an impressive unity of form, which comports well with the distinctness of its general idea; yet by ingenious devices in the alternation of full chorus with semi-chorus, in the treatment of the orchestra, and in changes of key and of time, the author has given to his score the impulse of variety and dramatic movement.

When the new Music Hall was opened in Cincinnati in the spring of 1878, Mr. BUCK was invited to take permanent charge of the great organ there, with the additional appointment of organist at the regular biennial festivals; but he declined these offers, preferring to continue a promising work which he had already begun in Brooklyn. He is organist and choir director of the Church of the Holy Trinity in that city, and also director of an excellent amateur choral organization known as the Apollo Club, which during the past two seasons has given invitation concerts of a high character at the Academy of Music. The entertainments of the club are "private," but when they occur the opera-house is always crowded with a brilliant audience.

Mr. BUCK'S first important compositions were of church music, and in this field he soon won a notable success. Two of the pieces embraced in a set published a few years ago ("Three Anthems, by DUDLEY BUCK," Opus 72. New York: G. SCHIRMER) will illustrate his style. That for Good-Friday, "Now from the sixth hour," is built upon the famous choral, "O Head all bruised and wounded," which BACH used so nobly in the St. Matthew Passion. This theme is first given in a few measures of an organ prelude in canon form. An excellent quartette follows, with bass and alto solos, and as this goes on the choral reasserts itself in the accompaniment, gathers force, and finally, being taken up by all the voices, brings the piece to a solemn and imposing close. The Easter Anthem, "As it began to dawn," opens with a duet for soprano and alto, in imitation—a gentle and flowing melody artfully confined within the rigid boundaries of the canon form. A vigorous and dramatic passage in quartette is succeeded by a tenor solo, and the anthem ends with a striking fugue. This last movement originated in a discussion between the composer and another musician, who maintained that a fugue was a mere exercise of ingenuity, in which it was impossible to express any particular sentiment. To prove the contrary, Mr. BUCK produced in this anthem not only a fugue, but a double fugue, in which the joyous devotional spirit appropriate to the festival is indicated unmistakably. The fugue is thoroughly developed, but it is commendably short. The organ part in Mr. BUCK'S church music is written with great care and taste, and in the true style; and it shows a knowledge of registration in which some of our best organists are unfortunately deficient. Mr. BUCK has published a number of compositions for the organ alone—sonatas, marches, an Impromptu Pastorale, a Rondo Caprice, an Idyl, various transcriptions for concert purposes, etc., and a series of studies in Pedal Phrasing.

"The Legend of Don Munio" is the title of a dramatic cantata published by Mr. BUCK in 1874, and often performed by the smaller musical societies, for whose capacities it is especially adapted. The text, a metrical version of his own, from WASHINGTON IRVING'S *Alhambra*, admits of rich and various color in the treatment, and the work is full of animation and effective contrasts. The overture used to be played by the THOMAS orchestra at the Central Park Garden. A setting of the Forty-sixth Psalm for solos, chorus, and orchestra has been performed by the Handel and Haydn Society of Boston; and at the recent Triennial Festival of that venerable association Mr. BUCK'S "symphonic overture" to SCOTT'S "Marmion" was given—a work which THOMAS had previously brought out with the Philharmonic Society of Brooklyn. The descriptive title "symphonic" affixed to this overture refers to a method of composition wholly modern, and, as applied to the overture, even unusual; that is to say, the exposition, development, and combination of certain distinct themes identified with distinct personages, incidents, or ideas, and treated after the same manner as the themes of a symphony. The adaptation of this style to the drama is one of the fundamental ideas of WAGNER. Properly followed, it gives an almost pictorial vividness to musical illustration, and lends itself easily to that intimate alliance between the melodious phrase and the poetical conception which distinguishes all the best compositions of the new school. Traces of the same style are to be found in Mr. BUCK'S songs. They show a keen sense of the poetical significance of the text, and the ability not only to turn a pretty tune, but to make the melody illuminate the verse, while a rich and important accompaniment adds at once to the sensuous beauty of the composition and to the clearness of its meaning. Hence Mr. BUCK'S songs have character; and as they are written, moreover, with a due regard for the voice, they are popular with intelligent singers, and effective in the concert-room. A series of five songs, set to the verses of EDMUND C. STEDMAN, are remarkable for fervor of expression and the close sympathy between the composer and the poet. "The Creole Lover's Song," so often heard in public, belongs to this set.

When the Cincinnati Musical Festival Association offered a prize of $1000 for the best composition for solo voices, chorus, and orchestra, Mr. BUCK had already begun setting portions of LONGFELLOW'S "Golden Legend" to music, and this work carried off the palm from more than twenty competitors.

The employment of symbolical themes noticed in the "Marmion" overture is a marked feature of the "Golden Legend." The whole work may be described as a conflict between the spirit of evil, represented by a fierce and vigorous "Lucifer Motive," and the spirit of good, which appears both in the religious chant and in the sweet, pure, loving melody of Elsie. As the story is unfolded a splendid series of poetical scenes present themselves—the evil spirits clamoring about the belfry, the pilgrims on their march, Elsie at prayer, the evening song in the cottage, the revel in the convent, the fishermen at Genoa, the thwarted sacrifice at Salerno, the happy voyage home. The evil principle is conquered, the Lucifer Motive disappears from the score, and the work comes to an end with a noble chorus—

> "O beauty of holiness,
> Of self-forgetfulness, of lowliness!"—

in which Mr. BUCK shows the keenest susceptibility to the sentiment of his theme, and a rare power of dramatic expression.

Since the completion of the "Golden Legend" Mr. BUCK has written the music of a comic opera, on a text by W. A. CROFFUT, and this work—the composer's first essay for the theatre—is to be brought out at Haverly's Lyceum, Fourteenth Street, in October.

J. R. G. HASSARD.

THE DESTRUCTION OF MILTON.

FEW calamities are more appalling than one which in a single day destroys a whole town. On the 14th of May the flourishing little town of Milton, Pennsylvania, was attacked by fire, and before another morning had dawned was transformed into the heap of smouldering ruins depicted in our engraving on page 357. Milton is in Northumberland County, on the West Branch of the Susquehanna River. It lies between the larger towns of Sunbury and Williamsport, being thirteen miles above the former, and twenty-seven below the latter. Like them it had great railroad and manufacturing interests. A bridge crosses the river at Milton, and the Philadelphia and Erie and the Catawissa and Williamsport railroads had their dépôts there. Before the fire there were nine churches, two national banks, a newspaper office, and about six mills or factories. The last census showed the population to be about two thousand souls, but since then the number has more than doubled.

Precisely how the fire originated is not known, but shortly before twelve o'clock on the morning of May 14 smoke was seen to issue from the roof of a framing-house connected with the car-works of MURRAY, DOUGAL, & Co., adjoining the dépôt of the Philadelphia and Erie Railway, and in a few moments the whole building was ablaze. There was a strong northwest wind blowing at the time, which fanned the flames to such an extent that they were soon beyond control, and began spreading rapidly. In less than an hour four of the main buildings of the works were destroyed. The course taken by the fire was from the Susquehanna River bridge, on Front Street, through that street to Broadway (the main thoroughfare), and on through the town, destroying in its way the Academy of Music, the Armory, the Presbyterian and other churches, the Adams and Philadelphia and Reading Express offices, Western Union Telegraph office, Philadelphia and Erie passenger dépôt, the *Miltonian* newspaper office, the gas-works, and all the hotels, banks, places of business, stores, factories, tanneries, and workshops. The fire reached its worst phase at three o'clock, when the town presented the appearance of a sea of flames. A clear swath of about one mile long and a half to three-quarters of a mile wide was burned through the centre of the town, and by seven o'clock in the evening between six hundred and seven hundred buildings were in ruins as the result of the conflagration.

As soon as the probable extent of the fire was discovered, telegrams were sent out in every direction for assistance. The Fire Department from Sunbury was the first to respond, but the wind was then veering so that it was impossible to place the engines where they could do effective work, and there was danger in taking position anywhere in the course of the fire, which made its way toward the main business thoroughfares, and at the same time shifted to and fro from the main to the side streets in a most baffling manner. The wind increased with the increase of the flames, and soon all hope of saving the place was abandoned, the efforts being thenceforth directed to save life and movable property. Trains soon brought up the Fire Departments from Williamsport, Danville, Watsontown, and Lewisburg, but they could only endeavor to rescue some of the houses and buildings on either side of the pathway cut clean by the rolling flames, which held their destroying way until they had burned through the village, and reached the open country at its southern boundary.

During the fire the scene was one of indescribable excitement and confusion, heightened by wild and exaggerated stories spread about as to the number of persons lost and missing. Trains came from the north and south, bringing hundreds of curious spectators. Hundreds more came flocking in from the country round about, on foot or in wagons and carriages. The trains and people alike were employed to save household goods. Cars loaded with movables of every sort were run along the track in both directions, and the goods dumped promiscuously out. The fields soon presented a curious spectacle—people clinging to their scattered furniture and utensils, and preparing to keep a night watch over their household relics. During the confusion thieves were not wanting to improve the excellent opportunity, and many articles were carried away, one unfortunate lady being robbed of $60,000 in government bonds.

As soon as the extent of the calamity was grasped by the appalled residents, measures were taken for soliciting relief. While the fire was in the height of its fury, information was sent to the Governor of the State, who immediately forwarded the following dispatch to the mayors of the various cities:

> "The town of Milton has this day been almost entirely destroyed by fire. Two thousand people are now houseless, destitute of clothing, provisions, and all the necessities of life. I would suggest that you call a meeting of your citizens at once, to furnish immediate aid to these stricken people."

During the night many of the homeless residents slept under the sheltering roof of the river bridge. Others were sheltered in Lewisburg and the surrounding towns, and such persons as had homes still standing welcomed all they could accommodate. Provisions were sent in from all directions, and were distributed at three points in the town, but many went supperless, and spent the night in the open fields.

The scene the next morning was heart-rending beyond description. Nothing remained except the black and desolate ruins of the once prosperous town. Hundreds of homeless and famished creatures gathered round the still standing planing-mill, where food was distributed by a relief committee. During the day several car-loads of provisions arrived from Harrisburg, Williamsport, and other places. A telegraphic order also came from the treasurer of the Philadelphia Relief Committee for $5000, and promising more. During the afternoon two hundred and fifty tents were sent from the State Arsenal by Governor HOYT. These were erected in the fields, and gave shelter to a large number of persons. Toward evening four car-loads of people were sent to Watsontown to spend the night. Food was distributed again at the planing-mill, men and women who within twenty-four hours had been worth thousands of dollars, and lived in luxury, gladly accepting the charitable dole. Among other provisions sent to the relief of the unhappy town were thirty kegs of beer. Remonstrance was made against its distribution, and the kegs were finally returned to the shipping point.

During the afternoon of this day an incident occurred which illustrates the degree of depravity possible to human nature. Two deliberate attempts were made to rekindle the fire. Some one placed a bundle of rags saturated with coal-oil at the back door of the Gresh House—a wooden hotel, and the only remaining one in town—and when discovered it had already set fire to the house. Another attempt was made to fire the old Catawissa dépôt, in the southern part of the town. As soon as these discoveries were made, the people were in a frenzy. A reward of $600 was offered immediately for the apprehension of the incendiaries. Much confusion ensued, the people seeming to become wild from fear and excitement, and many persons whose property had been saved packed up their goods and prepared for flight in case of another outbreak of the flames. So great was the alarm that the Chief Burgess of Milton dispatched a telegram to Governor HOYT, reading:

> "This town is in the hands of desperadoes. For God's sake send us troops."

In response to the demand the Governor made arrangements for a company to proceed to Milton, provided it could get there during the night. It did not arrive, however, and on the following day the Chief Burgess telegraphed that troops would not be needed.

Efforts are being made on all sides to send succor and relief to the distressed town, the following appeal, which we reprint whole to give it a yet wider circulation than it has already had, having been issued by the local relief committee of Milton, and so far nobly responded to:

> "After a careful personal inspection of the situation, we submit to the people of Pennsylvania, and the benevolent everywhere, the following statement of the extent of the losses, the condition of the inhabitants, and aid that is necessary for the proper relief of the town:
>
> "*First*—The losses. The fire swept with total destruction, in the brief space of five hours, an area of one mile long and half a mile in width, compactly built, covering the entire business and best-built portion of the town, and including, with a very few and minor exceptions, all the churches, stores, banks, and manufactories, involving a loss of about $2,000,000, insured only to the extent of about $500,000, as nearly as we can ascertain.
>
> "*Second*—The condition. The immediate necessities of the inhabitants for food have been met by prompt and generous contributions of provisions from the country and towns near at hand. Still more supplies of food will be necessary before the people can relieve themselves. Hundreds and hundreds of people

—men, women, and children—are houseless and penniless, having nothing left but the clothes on their backs.

"*Third*—The needs. At the present time contributions of medical supplies, and clothing for males and females of all ages, are much needed. In five short hours this beautiful and flourishing town has been laid in ashes. The accumulations and established business of generations have been totally consumed. Those who arose in the morning from the beds in elegant and comfortable homes, as well as more humble dwellings, found themselves at night without homes, without property, and without business or occupation. Everybody is looking anxiously in the dark and uncertain future, and while in one thought they bewail the loss of everything dear to them, in the next they are asking themselves how it will ever be possible for them to retrieve their ruined fortunes. To a generous-hearted public we would say that in our opinion the mere supply of food, medicine, and clothing will come far short of the measure of relief required of you. These are much needed and highly appreciated by this stricken community. If, however, this prosperous town, with its enterprising and labor-employing industries, is not to sit in its ashes desolate and despairing, large contributions of money are much needed to enable its people, by their own industry, economy, and enterprise, to re-establish themselves. All your contributions of money, or whatever else, will go into the hands of reliable and discreet men, and be dispensed in the fairest and most efficient manner. All contributions of money will be sent either to R. M. FRICK, cashier of the Milton National Bank, or JOHN M. CALDWELL, of the First National Bank. All contributions of food and clothing will be sent to the Relief Committee. Let your contributions be large and free."

The future of Milton can not as yet be sketched out. Considerable work has already been done toward removing the débris. A temporary post-office has been erected, and many of the leading men of the town have commenced rebuilding. Much will depend, however, upon the action of the proprietors of the car factories and others whose interests are no further local than that they must be situated upon the line of the railroad.

THE CARE OF PARROTS.

THERE are, according to Linnæus, no fewer than forty-seven species of parrots. Brisson says there are ninety-five, and others give one hundred and fifty. It is, in fact, not possible to state them correctly, as discoveries are continually being made of species previously unknown to naturalists. These birds may, however, be classified in six general divisions, namely, macaws, cockatoos, parrots, lorries, paroquets, and love-birds. Ovid alludes to parrots. These were Indian parrots, or paroquets, upon whose red beaks and prismatic hue of plumage the poet appears to hang with delight. These were known in Rome as being imported from Eastern India about the middle of the first Christian century, and were principally from Africa. Pliny—a great authority during his day—dilates upon the "parrot's rosy-colored neck, emerald garb, and ruby-tinted bill." They were all, as they are now, natives of the tropics, and therefore require for a long life an equable and warm temperature when removed from their native countries to more changeable climates. Their surprising gift of memory was noticed by Plutarch. The faculty of speech not only introduced them into the chambers of royalty, but secured a certain amount of veneration for them from the people. Monkeys used to be the prevailing pets of the aristocracy, as evidenced by the portrayal in many paintings and engravings of remote centuries, and even of the beginning of this. The parrot's beak, however, has put the monkey's nose out of joint.

The tongue of the parrot tribe has engaged the attention of many gifted physiologists. They have found it soft, thick, fleshy, and round, capable of great mobility, which, with their complicated larynx, provided with three muscles, enables them to imitate articulate sounds. De Blanville tells us that in the division of parrots proper the skin which covers the tongue is frequently fine, dry, and provided with papillæ, arranged longitudinally, and invested by a pigmentous deposit covered by a very thin epidermis. The tongue varies in the cockatoos, and this bird has the power of elongating it at will, after the manner of the woodpecker.

The food best adapted to parrots in captivity is an important consideration. They are fond of seeds of most descriptions, particularly hemp, from which, small as are the grains, they remove the husk with surprising rapidity. All fruits in season, and almonds both bitter and sweet, agree with them. But flesh, even that of chicken, should be scrupulously avoided, as meat of any kind, it is proved, brings on an intense itching, under the sufferings of which the bird will pluck out every feather in its body. Desmarest tells us that when in this denuded state an individual survived with unimpaired health and appetite two rigorous winters. Even a small quantity of butter, particularly if salt, is said to bring on this habit. Parrots drink frequently, but in small quantities, raising their heads less in doing so than is the custom of other birds. They are particularly fond of bathing, opportunities for which should never be long beyond their reach. Indeed, they mostly set the example of cleanliness to their keepers, who should remove daily every atom of refuse, and see that they have clean gravel, which is necessary as an aid to the thorough digestion of their food. But, although many parrots take willingly to their bath, a large proportion of them are either too timid or averse to cleansing themselves. In cases of this kind a bone or ivory syringe should be used. This would act as a shower-bath, and cause the bird to shake itself dry. Care, however, should be taken not to let the cage continue wet after bathing or this kind of douche. Thus carefully treated, parrots will live to a great age, even to one hundred years; but twenty-five or thirty is about the average life of the paroquet tribe.

Parrots are subject to the same diseases as other birds. They have one or two peculiar to their kind, which may arise from want of exercise, and the inability to procure for themselves those remedies which their natural instinct would, if in a wild state, supply. A few chillis, cut small, occasionally given, have a preventive effect against some organic diseases. Should the birds show a propensity to pick their feathers, a cooling lotion of spring water and table salt will be gratefully accepted by them, if rubbed upon their flesh with the tips of the fingers. Asthma is a common complaint with parrots, and is almost always traceable to their being exposed to a draught. The disease is obvious by their yawning and gasping. Here a small portion of the stem of a lettuce or water-cress is the simplest remedy, with bread and milk made to the thickness of pap. Avoid, however, sour bread, for which reason all bread or biscuit should be soaked two or more times in lukewarm water, and squeezed dry with the hand, to remove every trace of acid, alum, etc. A little cayenne may be mixed with this, and the bird should be surrounded by a screen at night. Atrophy, or wasting, is another disorder to which parrots are subject, and arises from eating food which does not agree with the bird, and under which the body becomes thin and meagre. A disinclination to arrange its feathers, and not unfrequently throwing back its food, are among the symptoms. Similar treatment to that for asthma should be resorted to, and a rusty nail should be put into the water pan, which will not require scouring oftener than once a week while the nail is used. Zinc pans are poisonous. Tin is therefore to be preferred to zinc, and glass to both. Consumption, or decline, is shown by the body of the bird swelling, and by extreme thinness about the breast, together with loss of appetite.

Parrots, we are told by their especial physicians, will thus linger out an existence of many years, but consumption is preventable if taken in time. Seed is not to be given more than once a week; and then, in lieu of water, the juice of white turnip should be preferred for it to drink, with fresh bead and milk twice a day. If the bird will partake of a pepper-corn occasionally, it is most desirable. For costiveness, a small portion of saffron should be steeped in the pap, or if a desperate case, four drops of cold-drawn castor-oil. Diarrhœa, or scouring, is generally the consequence of a sudden change of diet. Unripe fruit will bring this on in tame parrots. It shows itself by a white calcareous matter about the lower parts of the body. The yolk of an egg boiled hard is useful in this complaint. But the most effectual means are keeping the bird unusually warm, feeding it with soaked bread and Indian corn boiled for fully an hour, the water strained off, in lieu of which should be put the juice of lettuce seed, which may be obtained by boiling the seed. If this fail, we are told to try an outward application of palm-oil. Milk and chalybeate water, with half a dozen chillis cut into pieces, have proved effective.

Diseased feet are produced by want of cleanliness, and often by continuous bathing. This is sometimes veritable gout or rheumatism, brought on by cold settling in the extremities. In this case the bird should be removed from its irksome perch to a box, out of which it can not climb, and at the bottom should be placed a bath of lukewarm water for the bird to stand in, the temperature to be kept up by a fresh supply of warm water now and then. A dry board should then be substituted for the tin bath, and the whole be placed in a warm corner until the feet are perfectly dry. If the feet appear sore, a small portion of pounded loaf-sugar may be applied. Sudden changes of the weather are frequent causes of inflammation, but more often the neglect in covering the bird at night. The same diet as before should be given, varied with grits well boiled, and the yolk of a hard-boiled egg twice a week, stewed Indian corn, and the juice of scalded rape-seed instead of water. Parrots, like all other birds, moult their feathers once a year, although those in the tail and wings are sometimes shed oftener. The moulting generally lasts three months, during which there are exhibited evidently painful difficulties to cast the feathers. It is then the bird requires an extra degree of warmth and nourishment. A little saffron in the water, or on alternate days a slight coloring of stick licorice, and soaked captain's biscuit well cayenned, should be given at least three times a week; but above all things keep the bird warm. If, however, the parrot should get a surfeit, it will be at once traceable to scandalous neglect, arising from want of cleanliness, fresh water, seed, gravel, etc. Surfeit is shown by eruptions about the head discharging a watery humor; and when suffered to gain ascendency, the feathers on that part entirely disappear, leaving the head quite bare. A solution of table salt in water applied every morning, and carefully wiped dry, the head being anointed afterward with palm-oil, will arrest and eradicate this ugly complaint.

In fits, to which some parrots are very subject, a bath of cold water and a little poured down the mouth are often effectual; but if not, one of the tail feathers should be drawn, and the bird laid upon any cold surface. Here there is no time to be lost, or the life of the bird will be sacrificed. Bleeding at the foot is recommended. The macaws appear to be more subject to this complaint than any other of their congeners. They are also liable to cramp, more especially when allowed to perch on metal, which they are often confined to in consequence of their destructive propensities. Let their perches, therefore, be of beech or mahogany, which will not abstract the heat from their feet and legs, and the hard wood will take some time to destroy, and then can be renewed. A drop of spirits of nitre is a good restorative.

The vermin with which the parrot is infested is a species of bug, found not, during the day, upon the body of the bird, but in the joints and crevices of the cage. When the presence of these is detected, the bird should be removed during the strongest daylight, and the joints of the stand or cage be saturated with spirits of turpentine or linseed-oil. As, however, the bird may have the germs of the parasite about it, anoint it, especially beneath the wings, with a few grains of precipitate powder in a wine-glass of water, well mixed, being extremely careful that none of it approaches its eyes, ears, mouth, or more delicate parts.

LIFE IN TURKEY.

SWIFT English-built steamers now run up the Bosporus all day long. Starting from the bridge which spans the entrance to the Golden Horn, and links Galata (the commercial quarter) to Stamboul (the true Turkish city), they touch at both the European and Asiatic sides of the channel, affording to all ranks and classes the opportunity of a swift and cheap locomotion. The long summer days they are crowded with men and women of all nations, in all imaginary costumes; and in the winter they carry business people to and from the city, stopping at nearly all the villages *en route*. It takes nearly two hours to reach the upper end of the Bosporus—a distance of about twelve miles. The scenery is lovely and unique; the Sultan's summer palaces, built of white and costly marble, rise up from the water's edge; these are succeeded by some of the handsomest *konaks* of the viziers and other notable Turks; the most extensive gardens, crowned with tall trees and flowering shrubs, rise up in long hills at the back of these palaces. Elegant dispatch boats, and the Sultan's not-to-be-despised small iron-clad fleet, sit in state upon the deep and limpid waters, not fifty yards from shore. Gay *caïques* flash hither and thither in the golden light. Imposing mosques reflect their tapering minarets in the clear waters; Turkish villages, with a sprinkling of European houses, nestle in the sheltered valleys, while thickly grown woods crown the summits of the hills, which stand out in bold relief against a blue and amber sky.

Great changes have metamorphosed "beautiful Stamboul." Repeated and extensive fires have destroyed the older and more picturesque dwellings. I have been told that thirty years ago Stamboul (in the rays of the setting sun) shone like a city begemmed with rubies and set in gold. This effect was caused by the numerous golden cupolas to the marble mosques, and the bright red and yellow colors of the wood of which the houses were uniformly built. To each of these was attached a garden full of tall leafy trees. The effect of these vivid colors thrown up against a pure Eastern sky, and reflected in the waters of the Marmora, was magical indeed. The golden balls blazed like miniature suns, the marble kiosks and magnificent mosques gleamed whiter than alabaster through the dark cypresses, while the grand city lay bathed in a flood of sunset glory.

But at this hour, though the mosques and the tapering minarets still stand, the golden balls are no longer to be seen, the marble columns have grown somewhat gray, the tall trees are few and far between, the quaint red and yellow houses have long been burned, and more than half the dwellings are built of stone and mortar.

As among most half-educated people, external reforms are the first adopted in Turkey. Corruption in every form abounds; *bribery* is the only means of advance to any post, or in any office. The most ill chosen people and the most ignorant fill the "high places" here. The surest and easiest road to wealth is by usury and "espionage." Money is lent privately at enormous interest, and without a suitable present you dare hardly ask help in any matter—even from a friend.

Turkish houses are furnished with large divans, upon which the master of the house curls himself up, smoking his nargileh (a kind of pipe), receiving his friends or visitors without moving from his place, merely giving a kind of salam, and motioning his friend to take his seat beside him. Here they will sit and converse for hours, refreshing themselves from time to time with tiny cups of black coffee. Turkish houses boast of no beds, nor do they possess wash-stands, nor sometimes even chairs.

A Swiss friend of mine (a governess in the harem of perhaps the most enlightened young Turk of whom I have heard) begged over and over again for a wash-hand basin of ordinary dimensions. She was expected to repair to the elegantly built bath-room, and perform her ablutions in the presence of the slaves and harem women, who, I may remark, have not the commonest sense of propriety, or the least vestige of the delicacy of their sex. The basin was promised more than ten or twenty times. My friend remained nearly a year in the pasha's harem, but it never arrived.

WALL-PAPER IN BEDROOMS.

IMPERCEPTIBLY but surely a room, the walls of which are covered from year to year with the same paper, is a room the air of which is dirty, so that the very temptations to delay renewal, and the very arguments of economy, become the strongest of objections to papers altogether. When the air of the room is damp, the paper gets damp. In the damp state it absorbs readily the dust that is in the air. When the weather gets dry and warm, or when the room is warmed by a fire, the dust becomes dry on the paper, and is then easily wafted and distributed through the air of the room, while if the paper be at all rough or raised, the small irregular spaces are at all times receptacles for dust. This is a strong objection to the paper covering for the wall.

Another objection to the paper covering is the mode in which it is put on the walls. As a common practice, layer is laid on layer until six or seven or more layers are sometimes put one over the other. And I have recently seen a room stripped of no fewer than ten layers of paper before the wall was reached. By this plan the room becomes lined with coating after coating of paste, which in course of time is decomposed, is turned into fine organic dust, and is itself, whenever the paper is torn away so as to allow of an escape of dust, a decided source of danger to health. Let sickness take place in a room the walls of which are treated in the manner now described—let the particles of the poison of a contagious disease disseminate in such a room, and almost of a certainty some minute portion of the particular poison will be cased up behind the new paper that is laid on, to remain a source of danger for after-occupants of the room for years and years to come.

For these reasons—and I think they are sound and good—I think the common system of paper for the walls of the bedroom is not the best. If a paper could be invented which, once laid on, would present a permanent surface, and a surface that would admit of systematic cleansing by means of soap and water, or by dry scrubbing, then I should not have a word to say against it, and such an invention will, I should hope, one day be brought into common use.

The nearest approach I have ever seen to perfect success in the direction named was in the house of a friend of mine, who had his room very carefully papered with a good fine paper of oak pattern. This paper he coated with coach-makers' varnish until the entire surface was in truth as hard as the panel of a carriage itself. This wall could be washed with the greatest ease, and was as perfect as need be. Sometimes in the halls and on the staircases of houses we see oak and marble papers which are varnished, and which bear to be washed very well; but I have never seen those walls so perfect as the walls of the room I specially name, and certainly I have seen no approach to anything of the kind within a room.

Presuming that paper is used for the walls of a bedroom, there are certain rules which ought to be followed in respect to the process. The first of these is that the paper selected should not be a flock paper; next, it ought not to have a raised or rough surface; thirdly, the pattern should be of the plainest possible kind, and, if I may so express it, patternless: the color should be gray or a sea-green; and lastly, the paper should be frequently renewed — it should be changed every three years at least. Moreover, in changing the paper there should be no slip-shod method of putting on a new paper before the removal of the old. The old paper should be entirely stripped off, the wall should be well cleansed of dry paste, and the new paper should be put on with paste that is quite fresh and pure. The introduction of a little alum into the paste is always good practice.

In cases where a person has suffered from any one of the contagious diseases, and has occupied a room the walls of which are covered with paper, there should be no hesitation, when the room is relieved of its occupant, in clearing every particle of paper from the wall at once, also making the clearance as complete as possible. I usually direct, in these cases, that the paper, while it is still on the wall, should be saturated with water that is at boiling heat, the water being applied with a small flannel or woollen mop. In this manner two purposes are served: the heat disinfects, and the paper is made to peel off with great readiness and completeness. When the paper is thus removed down to the solid walls, the walls may be fumigated with sulphurous acid vapor, and afterward washed down, sponged, and allowed to dry. After such cleansing the new paper may be laid on, the ceiling having been previously cleansed and colored.

SOME PRIZE DOGS.

THE Fourth Annual Bench Show, held in Madison Square Garden, under the direction of the Westminster Kennel Club, brought together one of the finest collections of dogs ever seen in this city. The attendance was very large, and the interest was greater than at any previous exhibition.

The dogs were ranged in six sections, with comfortable boxes for the large animals, and fancy cages for the smaller ones. The first section was arranged for mastiffs, St. Bernards, Newfoundlands, Ulms, greyhounds, and deer-hounds; section two for English and native pointers and setters; section three for English and native setters and champion black-and-tans; section four for red Irish setters and black-and-tan champions; section five for setters, water-spaniels, climbers, cockers, fox-hounds, beagles, daschhunds, fox-terriers, and collies; and section six for bull-dogs, bull-terriers, Skye terriers, pugs, Scotch terriers, black-and-tan terriers, Dandy Dinmonts, Yorkshire terriers, toy terriers, Japanese spaniels, Italian greyhounds, Chinese dogs, fancy terriers, and miscellaneous dogs.

Nearly all the dogs of the different varieties possessed the points necessary for competition in shows of this kind. In several cases they were so evenly matched that the judges found it a difficult matter to decide to which of the rivals the palm should be awarded; but the decisions were generally commended for their fairness.

One of the most interesting features of the show was the collection of collies, or shepherd dogs. They attracted great attention. A Scotch gentleman, who examined them carefully while the judges were deciding on their points, said to a reporter of the *Sun*: "I came especially to see these dogs. They are the most intelligent animals in the world. In the old country a man will buy a flock of hundreds of sheep thirty miles away from home, place them in charge of his dog, go off about his business, and the dog will drive the sheep to their new home without losing one of them. Once a collie was so long in bringing home her flock that her master became alarmed, and started in search. He found the sheep at his farm fence, with the collie in the rear holding a new-born puppy in her mouth. As soon as the collie saw her master she went back and brought home her litter one by one. The last one was dead. The collie had sacrificed her own flesh and blood to save her master's sheep."

The exhibition of ladies' pet dogs was also large and interesting. In this class were included pugs, Skye terriers, toy terriers, black-and-tans,

"CHARLIE"—NEWFOUNDLAND.

Dandy Dinmonts, Japanese spaniels, Italian greyhounds, Chinese dogs, King Charles spaniels, silk-haired terriers, and Chinese hairless dogs. We give portraits of the Skye terriers Patch and Tatters, owned by Mr. Louis Harbiger, New York,

"FLO"—JAPANESE SPANIEL.

which took respectively the first and second prizes, and also of Tiny, owned by Miss Gracie Edwards, New York, which took the second prize for pugs. Of the Japanese spaniels we give the portrait

"GLEN"—DEER-HOUND.

of Flo, owned by Mr. Charles E. Pratt, New York, to which was awarded the first prize for this class.

There were fifteen entries of greyhounds, and these graceful an-

"PATCH" AND "TATTERS"—SKYE TERRIERS.

imals seemed to be the special pets of lady visitors, partly for their beauty, and partly for their gentleness. The first prize was awarded to a splendid creature named Prince, the property of Mr. Joseph Stiner, New York.

The magnificent and kindly St. Bernard dogs gathered many visitors about them. We give pictures of two—Sheila, rough-coated, owned by Mr. H. S. V. S. Thorne, New York, and Harrold, smooth-coated, owned by Mr. John P. Haines, Cranmoor Farm, Tom's River, New Jersey—to each of which was awarded the first prize for its class.

Great curiosity was exhibited when the time came for the award of the special prize of a gold necklace, to be presented

"PRINCE"—GREYHOUND.

"HARROLD"—SMOOTH ST. BERNARD.

to the lady owning the best setter or pointer in the show. More than twenty dogs were led into the ring. They were on their best behavior, apparently aware that the eyes of their mistresses were on them. After a critical inspection the necklace was presented to Miss May Callender, of Albany, owner of the champion red Irish setter Rory O'More. The first prize for champion pointer bitches was awarded to Fan, the property of Mr. E. J. Whitehead, New York.

There was a fine display of Siberian bloodhounds, most of which were in a ferocious and dangerous mood, seeming to resent the indignity of being put up for exhibition. The first prize for this class was awarded to Sultan, owned by Mr. Adolph Van Schade, Newport, Rhode Island, and the second to Lyon, owned by Mr. G. F. Keller, New York. Of the deer-hounds, the first prize was awarded to Glen, owned by Mr. Paul Dana, New York.

The Newfoundland dogs were well represented. There were several magnificent specimens, which attracted great attention. Among these

"SHEILA"—ROUGH ST. BERNARD.

were Charlie, the property of Mr. E. E. McCormick, New York, which took the first prize for this class, and Charley, owned by General Roger A. Pryor, of Brooklyn, which took the second prize.

Our pictures are engraved from photographs taken with great pains by Mr. Pach. As a rule, dogs are very uncertain sitters. They can't

"TINY"—PUG.

always be made to understand the necessity of keeping still, and seem to be apprehensive of mischief from the unaccustomed sights and movements around them. Mr. Pach was, however, quite successful with the dogs engraved for this page, and our pictures may be accepted as faithful and characteristic portraits of some of the most interesting specimens in the exhibition.

"LYON"—SIBERIAN BLOOD-HOUND.

"FAN"—POINTER.

"RORY O'MORE"—RED IRISH SETTER.

SOME PRIZE DOGS AT THE RECENT BENCH SHOW.—Photographed by Pach.

NOT A BAD IDEA.

IT WILL TAKE "*A STRONG MAN*" TO CARRY HIM TO THE WHITE HOUSE.

UNDECORATED.

[See Illustration on Page 364.]

WHAT though the sounds of mourning
Quiver along the air,
Low music and martial treading,
And strewing of blossoms fair;
What though the dead are sleeping—
There must be sowing and reaping,
And harvesting of corn.

See! what disturbs the ploughshare—
Smooth and hollow and round?
What is this noisome something
Buried beneath the ground?
Here shall the hand be sowing,
Here shall the wheat be growing,
Waiting the harvest morn.

"Missing!" Was that the legend?
No tale of the dying breath?
No record of bitter anguish
That ended at last in death?
Only a brave heart sleeping
Under the sowing and reaping,
All lonely and forlorn.

Ah! it was sowing and reaping—
The sowing of blood and tears,
The reaping of countless blessings
That come with the rolling years—
Battle and danger braving,
Keeping our banner waving
O'er men as freemen born.

There is binding of wreaths and garlands
When comrades gather around
To scatter the spring's sweet trophies
On hallowed and holy ground.
But think of the "missing" sleeping
Under the sowing and reaping,
Waiting God's harvest morn!

[Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1203.]

A CONFIDENTIAL AGENT.

BY JAMES PAYN,

AUTHOR OF "AT HER MERCY," "BRED IN THE BONE," "BEGGAR ON HORSEBACK," "WALTER'S WORD," "UNDER ONE ROOF," "HIGH SPIRITS," ETC.

CHAPTER XXII.

A DIFFERENCE OF OPINION.

WHEN misfortune befalls us, it is the habit of many of us to picture it to ourselves as the worst that can happen, not because we really believe so, but from a vague, superstitious notion that thereby the worst will be averted from us. "Fate has now done all the mischief in her power," we say. "It is the last turn of the rack; whatever happens now must be an improvement." It has been the custom of poor mortals from the earliest ages thus to attempt to propitiate cruel Fortune. It is no humble submission on our part, by any means. What we would tell her if we dared is, "Heaven knows you have been hard enough upon us, and too hard: it is surely time to stay your pitiless hand."

On such persons the blow has often fallen, only, alas! to be repeated while the smitten limb is yet tender, and ere the tender wound is healed. But while suspense endures, we can use no such language. We dare not say, "Now let Fate do her worst," while she only menaces us; we can not reconcile ourselves to a calamity—far less experience "the low beginnings of content"—until it has absolutely occurred.

"The shadow on the dial proves the passing of the trial," says the poet—"proves the presence of the sun;" but that is not so with suspense, which is the presence of the trial, and seems to augur the passing of the sun for evermore. And so it was with Sabey when hour after hour went by and brought her no tidings of her husband.

She was wretched, yet grew more so with every minute of time, which again seemed to bear her on toward an eternity of wretchedness, that was to date from the moment she heard for certain, "Matthew is dead."

Mr. Barlow, of course, brought her no news of him. He had seen Mr. Signet, and been received by that gentleman with a coldness that he did not understand. He himself had not on that occasion used his judicial manner; he had dwelt, on the contrary, upon the alarm and distress of Matthew's wife—perhaps with some vague sense of impressing the jeweller (should that haply have been necessary) with the genuineness of Helston's disappearance. But Mr. Signet had received the tidings with a certain coolness which to Mr. Barlow had had a tinge of suspicion. He had exhibited very little sympathy with the family bereavement, but had dwelt a good deal upon the loss of the jewels.

"As a man of the world, sir, speaking to a man of the world," he had begun, and the nature of his remarks was such as might have been expected from such an exordium. He had the highest confidence in the integrity of Mr. Barlow's friend, but it must be evident to Mr. Barlow that the coincidence of Mr. Helston's disappearance with that of £25,000 worth of diamonds was most unfortunate. No doubt all would be explained in a few hours, and the jewels would be found to be safe enough; but if they were not so found, Mr. Barlow could hardly be astonished if unpleasant things were said.

It had been Mr. Barlow's habit, as we know, to defend Mr. Signet; or at all events to make light of what in his character of employer had seemed disagreeable to his brother-in-law *in posse;* but that visit to Poulet Street had altered his views. As a gentleman learned in the law, albeit "belonging to the lower branch of the profession," he felt that he had not been treated with proper respect by the jeweller, though at the same time he was disposed to make great allowances for his position. He did not think that even the risk of losing £25,000—if he had had it to lose—would, in his own case, have made him behave with churlishness or irritation; but he admitted that it excused much in Mr. Signet's tone and manner. He remembered that Matthew had been in his employment but a year or two, and that in a catastrophe so tremendous a man was likely to forget all interests but his own, and to thrust forth the antennæ of suspicion in all directions. But he left Mr. Signet's establishment with the conviction that the jeweller was by no means certain that Matthew Helston—the man to whose sister-in-law he was engaged to be married—had not absconded with Lady Pargiter's jewels, and he felt great indignation accordingly.

To Sabey, of course, he said not a word of this. It was somehow a comfort to him—not only on her own account—that the idea that such a suspicion could be entertained by any one had evidently never entered her mind. If she thought of the jewels at all, it was only because the possession of them had in all probability been the cause of her husband's misfortune; but what at present monopolized her thought was the misfortune itself, and vague but terrible speculations as to the extent of it.

The explanations of her husband's absence which she had hitherto offered to herself, or which had been suggested by others, were now become impossible. Since Matthew must needs be aware of her anxiety, nothing, she well knew, could have prevented him, save serious illness or death, from relieving it by this time. One chance only remained after Mr. Barlow's return from Poulet Street: Matthew might have been taken ill, and commissioned Rutherford to inform her of the fact, which the cabman had omitted to do; but it was to Mr. Barlow's credit that he did not encourage this faint spark of hope. He was too upright a man to affect to be sanguine in such a case, or to permit Sabey to purchase a temporary comfort for which she would probably have to pay a high price in subsequent disappointment.

The delay in Amy's return, which seemed hopeful to poor Sabey, rather distressed him than otherwise upon the former's account. He was not pleased to find that she had gone alone on such a morning to such a place as Hybla Mews; and though he did not say so, Sabey perceived it. It would be too much to say that she resented this—for had she not herself entertained the same objections?—but it seemed hard to her that he should grudge the service which Amy had volunteered for Matthew's sake—the last, perhaps, that she would ever do for him. There was already something of the sacredness of death associated with her husband, and all slight of him, as well as all depreciation, was sacrilege.

"I had rather be alone till Amy comes, if you please," said Sabey, quietly, almost humbly, when Mr. Barlow had made his report; and her face was already turned to the window with its listening air again ere he had closed the parlor door to join Uncle Stephen, who had left her to herself, seeing that it was better so, and retired to the smoking-room.

There was plenty of movement now in Cavendish Grove: men hurried Cityward with heads bowed down to meet the driving snow; the light carts of the tradesmen flitted noiselessly by, and now and then a luggage-laden cab from the railway station, full of the happy faces of school-boys bound for home and holidays. How strange it seemed to her that people should go about their business or their pleasure while her heart was gnawed with such a cruel care!

How keen its tooth was, and how incessant was the pain!

Presently a cab drove up, with Amy in it; she caught sight of her pale sad face, and read its tidings in an instant.

"You have no news of Matthew?" were her first words.

"No, dear, none," answered Amy, as she embraced her sister in the little hall.

"But your no news is not good news?"

"No, it is not. Still, dear Sabey, it is not bad: not necessarily bad. Only sad and strange, and, indeed, inexplicable."

Then as they sat close together in the parlor she told her what had happened: of her visit to the cabman, and how Rutherford had told her that Lady Pargiter had invited Matthew to remain in Moor Street.

"That is false," cried Sabey, just as Amy herself had cried. "She is a woman without a heart." She said this with unconscious vehemence, using a phrase of Matthew's own with reference to her ladyship. "What does she care for what has happened to my darling, so long as her diamonds are safe?"

"But her diamonds are not safe, Sabey. Her servants say that Matthew left the house with the jewels as usual, whereas Rutherford avers—"

"I believe Rutherford," interrupted Sabey, quickly. "Matt always had confidence in Rutherford."

Amy knew not what to answer to this illogical and self-contradictory remark; moreover, she was in doubt upon the point herself, so she went on with her recital.

Sabey hung upon her words, yet always with ear and eye expectant for that which did not come—for that of which, when all was told, there seemed to be no hope of the coming. At the end she made no observation, but her shapely head drooped a little, and her fingers clasped one another over her lap.

"You must not despair, dearest," whispered Amy. "If anything dreadful—that is, very dreadful—had happened, it must needs have been known by this time. Everything will be done that can be done; not only by us, but by others more powerful. Mr. Signet will not leave a stone unturned."

"God bless him—God in heaven bless him!" murmured Sabey.

Amy had not the heart to say what she had in her mind, that it was the loss of the diamonds which would set so many shoulders to the wheel—and Mr. Signet's among them—rather than the calamity which had happened to Matthew himself. Yet she thought Mr. Signet had been very kind.

"We must have patience, Sabey, and for Matthew's sake; as Mr. Signet says, it is so all-important to keep a good heart."

To this too—as to "vacant chaff well meant for grain"—Sabey answered nothing, but took the hand that Amy laid on hers, and pressed it. Breakfast she could not touch, though at Amy's request—and with the old argument to back it, namely, that so Matthew would have had it—she strove to do so.

"Presently, my dear," she said, with a pitiful smile; but in truth it seemed to her that she would never eat again.

There are some people to whom, like her, taste and appetite are denied; who eat to live, or say so; but to her even this excuse for a meal was wanting. What had she now to live for? was the question she put to herself; when, as if in answer to it, the babe above-stairs began to wail.

Sabey rose at once. "Frank is here, darling, with Uncle Stephen. You will see him while I go to baby."

It was not Sabey's habit to call Mr. Barlow Frank, but she did so now to please her sister, and also because she felt that there was a grain of bitterness in her feelings toward him, and that she therefore owed him compensation.

There are some natures which no stress or strain of personal misery can ever warp from being just to others.

Amy found Frank and Uncle Stephen smoking the calumet of peace together in more than one sense. The little irritation which the former had aroused, before starting on his errand, in the latter's breast, had quite passed away, or was lost in the gravity of the common danger. For Mr. Barlow had opened his whole mind to his companion as to Matthew's case, which he considered well-nigh desperate.

"Knowing him as we do, Mr. Durham, I can conceive that nothing short of the very worst could have prevented his communicating with us."

"Do you mean that he has been murdered?" asked the old gentleman, bluntly.

"I fear he has fallen into bad hands—yes."

After which they had smoked without speaking until Amy entered the room.

It struck her that though both looked very sad and grave, Frank's face had more distress in it, which surprised though it did not displease her. She did not understand that when we grow very old we have not the same capability for pain. We have seen so much misery in the world, even if we have not ourselves experienced it, that it has no longer that exceptional character which gives it its sharpest sting. To Uncle Stephen poor Sabey was no peculiar victim of Fate's malice, but was only sharing the common lot. His heart bled for her, and for his nephew, whom he dearly loved; but there was a certain cynicism, not as regarded them, but the general fitness or unfitness of things, which dulled its pain. When we have not religion to console us, we have often philosophy.

The two men listened to her tale with the utmost interest.

"This man Rutherford knows all about it," was Mr. Barlow's verdict. "His story will not hold water for a moment."

"I don't think you would have said so, Frank, if you had heard him tell it."

"It seems that everything is being done by Mr. Signet that can be done," observed Uncle Stephen.

"I really think so," assented Amy. "I never saw a man more in earnest, or, under the circumstances, more judicious and self-possessed. The detective to whom he has intrusted the case also seemed very intelligent."

"He should have got a warrant out and the cabman in custody before this," said Mr. Barlow.

"He did propose it, but it was I myself who objected to it, Frank. If you had heard Rutherford speak of this matter yourself, you would have been of my opinion; and it is so terrible to put an innocent man in prison. Think what people may say of dear Matt himself, and how shocking it would be even to hear it."

"And what was Mr. Signet's view?" inquired Mr. Barlow, not without a touch of sarcasm.

"Well, at first he was of the detective's opinion, that the poor man should be thrown into jail; but afterward he agreed with me that it would be an act of injustice. Why do you smile, Frank?"

"At your simplicity, my darling. I think I can get at the back of Mr. Signet's mind in this matter. You imagine he is sorry about Matthew (whom he never liked), and about Sabey, whom he has seen but twice in his life; and not about these diamonds, for the loss of which he is responsible."

"I did not say that, Frank," answered Amy, quietly; "I said that, considering the enormous stake which he himself has in this affair, he showed much feeling for our distress."

"If the diamonds were found, and not Matthew, however, you would find that he would exhibit considerable equanimity," observed Mr. Barlow. "That was my impression, at least, from my interview with him this morning."

"It was not mine, Frank; and indeed, unless from a kind motive, I don't see why he should have given himself the trouble to express an interest in the matter at all."

"Of course he feels an interest in Matthew's loss," replied Mr. Barlow, "because the diamonds are lost with him. And as to your notion of his having scruples about arresting Rutherford, there is no 'kind motive' about it. He wishes to treat him tenderly, as an angler treats his worm—"

"Or a lawyer treats his witness," put in Uncle Stephen.

"Just so," assented Mr. Barlow, unconscious of the sarcasm. "So far as Rutherford's testimony goes—that is, if it is worth anything at all—it tends to prove the diamonds are in Lady Pargiter's possession, and consequently that Mr. Signet is not responsible for them. His object, therefore, is not to make an enemy of the man, but rather to induce him to stick to his text."

"If the effect of a legal education is to induce such a want of charity as that speech exhibits, Frank," said Amy, with emphasis, "then I am glad I am not a lawyer."

And, with a remark that Sabey had been already left alone too long, she quitted the room.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

QUEER CALLINGS IN JAPAN.

No one wandering through the teeming streets of a large Japanese town can help wondering how one-half of the inhabitants gain their livelihood. There is so much apparent idleness, and tobacco-smoking, and tea-drinking, and crouching over brasiers with novels, and mid-day napping, that in a great social hive like the city of Yedo the drones seem to outnumber the working bees by ten to one. Yet such is not the case, for although thoroughly Oriental in their love of the siesta, and their abhorrence of hurry and excitement in business matters, the Japanese are too numerous and too poor a race to be able to give up much time to real unadulterated idleness. The great broad-shouldered fellows who always seem to be lounging about wine-shops, or basking at sunny corners, have their occupations; and it is in tracing out these strange professions that so much that is amusing and interesting may be extracted during an observant walk in the great city.

One of the queer characters is the loudly jovial quack doctor. He may not be a nomad, or he may be: most often he is. The quack doctor who is not in the streets, but is consulted and prescribes at his own house, has been, at some time or other, an ambulant humbug. Some of them travel the length of the land, for their impostures are often so palpable that subsequent recognition might procure for them something more than a rough reception. There was one Dr. Desaburo, who regularly attended the great fair at Uweno, near Yedo, under different disguises. Once he had actually the impudence to assume mustaches and whiskers, put on a second-hand black dress suit, speak with a foreign accent, and pass for a distinguished English medicine man. The quack trades almost entirely with the lower classes. He must be of imposing aspect, and carefully or fantastically dressed, for none are such believers that "apparel oft doth proclaim the man" as the Japanese. On a table in front of him stand bottles, and packets, and trays of every sort of known medical rubbish. One day Desaburo ran short of ginger candy—his favorite remedy for indigestion—but was quite equal to the emergency, for he prescribed toothache remedies, spasm cures, ague and fever antidotes, instead, with perfect aplomb and self-possession. On another occasion a clown, to whom at one time he had given the candy, and at another the fever-cooling medicine, without any cure of the indigestion, attacked him with a stout bamboo, and so belabored him that he was glad to escape with his life, leaving his stuffs to the mercy of an angry crowd. A mother, whose son he had nearly killed by an overdose of opium sedative, was for exposing him at law, but he compounded for the little error somehow. However, his success completely overbalanced these little difficulties, and he made a heap of money. His specialty was a powder which should cure any ailment, from old age to a toothache. This he sold in gorgeous boxes to an enormous extent, chattering volubly, and blowing his own trumpet vociferously as he packed up and distributed the boxes. It is surprising that people should continue to be cajoled by pretenders like Desaburo, yet to this day, by visiting the fairs either of the capital or the country, one may see them in full swing, sweeping into their tills the hard-earned cash of the poor dolts, who regard them almost as supernatural beings.

It is impossible to help laughing at the little Japanese policemen, with their mushroom-shaped hats, their little bow-legs, and their poor little feet pushed into stiff, unbending European shoes; and it may be a fact that they are no more useful than ornamental; but certain it is that since the organization of the body upon the European plan a very serious blow has been dealt to a profession which once numbered its members by thousands. The rônin, or robber, or wanderer, or knight-errant, as the case might be, was a being peculiarly Japanese. He partook of the nature of the Italian bandit, the Spanish guerrilla, the English highwayman, and the Australian "larrikin"—yet was none of these. At one time there was something "Turpinesque" about him; at the present there is more of the area-sneak. He was often of good family and education—most often a retainer of some disbanded feudal household. He was not overscrupulous in the matter of shedding human blood, but he respected the laws of meum and tuum much as Robin Hood or Rob Roy is said to have respected them, and generally roamed in fulfillment of some vow, or with some mission in view. When, however, the new order of things came to be established in Japan, and the great lords were deprived of their power, the land was overrun by starving, sturdy men-at-arms, brought up to a contempt for any trade but that of fighting, and in that only differing from the swarms of "sturdy beggars" who infested England after the dissolution of the monasteries; and although many have been drafted into the imperial army and the police, the rônin still exists as a sort of mongrel specimen. He lurks about the dark corners of the suburbs through which the great roads from the country pass, and pounces upon poor travellers arriving foot-sore and weary from long tramps; or he decoys them to tea-

houses of evil fame, wherein they are certain to be drugged, robbed, and possibly murdered; or he sneaks about looking for half-opened shutters and deserted rooms, wherefrom he may pick up unconsidered trifles. There is not an atom of romance or chivalry about the modern rônin. An armed man of his own size he will never attack, but for damsels running errands, aged pilgrims, and gaping rustics, he has a keen eye. Sometimes the rônin takes service with a European as "boy." The result is invariably wholesale robbery; and of late years the number of daring burglaries at lonely bungalows has been alarmingly great. If caught, however, he meets with no mercy, and the writer once saw seven members of the profession marched from the jail near Yokohama, on a cold autumn morning, to an elevated piece of ground, and executed in a very few moments.

A capital veil for idleness and humbug is the calling of the mendicant priest. Members of this profession are to be met with all over Japan at all seasons of the year; and from their number, together with the well-to-do appearance of many of them, we may judge that the dodge is a lucrative one. Ostensibly pilgrims engaged in the fulfillment of some vow, or atoning for some past misdeed, they are in reality but beggars, and, like the quack doctors, are looked up to by the poor folk with reverence and esteem. One old humbug—the outward semblance of all that was holy and self-denying, especially the latter, as he was horribly dirty—the writer used to meet half a dozen times a year, until at last he was really ashamed, and disappeared. When he was near, a sort of leer was in his eye, as much as to say, "You know me, and know I'm humbugging these poor people, but they don't see through it, so keep it dark." He stuck to me once for three days; how he kept up the pace I can not conceive, unless he started at very early morning; and he ended by going off with a pair of my Knickerbocker stockings. Though their humbug is so transparent to the European, to the simple villagers they are engaged in a holy work. Their (more or less) white dress, their amulets, charms, and relics, their humble, suppliant faces, and their oily tongues, are passports everywhere, for no one dare refuse shelter, food, or pecuniary aid to a pilgrim. And considering that their pilgrimages extend over the best years of their lives, a very neat thing must be made out of them.

Many of them sham blindness, and gain admission to the tea-houses as "ammás," or shampooers, the shampooing operation consisting of rubbing and thumping the back and loins vigorously. This, by-the-way, is not at all disagreeable after a hard day's walking.

Last of the queer callings to be noticed is that of the "geysha," or singing and dancing girl. Geyshas may be hired at a few minutes' notice in all the great towns of the empire. As a rule they are comely, modest damsels, although in obedience to the refined taste of a certain class of foreigners, a school possessing as little of one quality as of the other has sprung up. To the ceremonial feasts of rich men singing and dancing girls are the invariable appendages, and are not unfrequently treated rather as guests than as hired servants. As a rule they perform in pairs, one playing the guitar while the other sings or dances; but quartettes and choruses may be had for payment. It is never etiquette to treat them as professionals; the hint for performing should be given incidentally, and on no account is the payment for their services to be made openly, but is to be pushed under their rice bowl in a piece of paper, so that it is discovered as it were by accident. With the geyshas proper often come the dancing girls so called, although "posturers" would be a more correct expression, inasmuch as Japanese dancing consists entirely of a series of graceful ankle and hand-twisting exercises, quite independent of any musical accompaniment. Good singing and dancing girls earn large sums of money, and famous ones must be booked beforehand; but in their performances, whether of singing or posturing, there is very little to charm the European sense, and a very few minutes suffice to render the performance very boring.

A JEWISH WEDDING IN MOROCCO.

A GENTLEMAN who attended a wedding in Tangier recently, describing the ceremony, says: "At about ten o'clock the lady friends assembled at the house of the bride's father, arrayed in characteristic gala dress. The bride, who wore a scarlet dress embroidered with gold, sat at the top of the room, her face thickly powdered, whilst her fingers and nails were stained with henna, with which dye curious devices were painted on her hands. Among her rings was the never-failing charm worn to ward off the evil-eye. In one corner of the room four Moorish musicians sat cross-legged, chanting Arabic songs of love, to the accompaniment of a guitar, violin, and tambourine. The young unmarried ladies wore European dresses made in Spanish style. At 5 P.M. the ladies proceeded to another apartment to partake of green tea and sweets. At six the ladies made way for the gentlemen—the bridegroom being absent, according to custom, from the bride's house. The festivities were continued until eight, and the bride was then covered with the marriage veil, her head being surmounted by a white silk head-dress adorned with flowers. After embracing her father, she was conducted to a spacious palanquin, and was carried to her future home, where her intended husband awaited her. On arrival she was led to a seat on a dais in the apartment where the ceremony was to be solemnized, her mother sitting on one side of her, and the bridegroom's mother on the other. Here she remained for some time, until the company gradually dispersed. She was then confided to the charge of her future mother-in-law, under whose care she remained until nine o'clock the following morning, when the marriage was celebrated in the presence of about fifty friends. The bride again took her seat on the dais, whilst the bridegroom, wearing a talith and phylacteries, his dress being European, even to the silk hat, stood at the foot under the overhanging canopy. Prayers were said by the officiating minister, and the customary glass broken by the bridegroom, after which congratulations were offered to the newly wedded couple. At eleven o'clock the ladies breakfasted, followed by the gentlemen, and at 2 P.M. the company dispersed. Next day the young husband went to render homage to his mother-in-law by kissing her hand, and a dance on the following Saturday night concluded the festivities."

NERVOUS DEPRESSION.

STRANGE details of nervous impressions could be given by sufferers, and those who have received their confidences. A lady assured a writer in *Chambers's Journal* that she at one time used constantly to hurry past a high wall or building, lest it should fall upon her. Another, that she would stand trembling with her hand upon her school-room door, summoning all her resolution to sustain her in the effort to go in to give her pupils their ordinary lessons. And the prospect of a journey, even though short, has been most formidable—indeed, terrible—to persons in this condition. Apprehensions of all kinds are common symptoms, from groundless alarms of robbers in the night to forebodings of every possible disaster to body or mind. And these are sometimes accompanied by sensations or affections which are merely physical, such as giddiness, nausea, trembling, or palpitation. The victims constantly complain that life is a burden. Now the first thing for nervous sufferers to do is to accept two facts—first, that their complaint is curable, and second, that the chief part of the cure rests with themselves. If they "give way" and "give up," they may go from bad to worse. If they will strive resolutely, and take proper means, they may live to smile at their past troubles.

An unhealthy or too sedentary occupation contributes to nervous depression; and if it can not be exchanged for a better, should be varied and relieved as far as possible. There is constantly—indeed, usually—some weakness of digestion, requiring care in the diet; for dyspepsia is often almost the sole origin, if not the whole of the complaint. The use of a suitable tonic is generally desirable: often a very simple one is preferable—quinine and iron, or some such mild aids to appetite and assimilation. Some medical men prefer pepsin and similar preparations; others use strychnia, phosphorus, zinc, and various formidable drugs. Only, whatever medicine is used, let it be prescribed by a qualified practitioner, and the ablest you know. Above all, no quacks. Fresh air, cold water, and plenty of exercise will do the nervously depressed more good than physic. The exercise, however, should not be violent; and the cold-water treatment should be moderate and rational: plunges and other shocks are most undesirable. Sponging and brisk washing and rubbing are in every way helpful. The improved, gentler system of hydropathic treatment is well suited for really nervous patients. But, as he hopes for recovery, let the nervous sufferer avoid resorting to alcoholic stimulants for relief: these are certain to retard his cure, and very likely to entangle him in dangerous habits. The momentary elation, followed as it commonly is by the certain and often severe reaction, is among the worst things possible for an enfeebled nervous system. If any one suffering in this way can not entirely dispense with stimulants, let him or her be assured that the daily allowance had far better be diminished than increased. In proportion as the patient depends upon stimulants for support, will the process of recovery be longer and more difficult. And the same remark is perhaps equally applicable to opiates and sedatives. To meddle with these is to play with edge-tools. Whatever temporary gain there may be in their use, is too often counterbalanced, and far more than counterbalanced, by the subsequent reaction and prostration—the very things which of all others nervous patients are most concerned to avoid.

The chief part of the cure lies with the patient. Change, exercise, fresh air, diet, tonic—all these together will not cure any one who gives up and gives way. The aim of the patient must be to disregard and even defy his sensations, impressions, languor, or whatever form his sufferings may take, and just go on as usual, doing all he can to forget self. Nervous people often rally wonderfully under pleasant excitement, sometimes even under sudden trial. They surprise their friends by their activity and endurance, and accomplish the otherwise impossible. Let us illustrate our meaning in one or two particulars. Suppose a patient so severely depressed that he can hardly be persuaded to move; he must begin—he must try. Let him summon all his energy and self-command; let him walk round his garden, or fifty yards on the road, to-day, and return satisfied that he can at least do so much. The next day let him go farther—twice round or more, a hundred yards along the road, and so on, daily increasing his self-appointed task, and daily proving to himself that he really can do what he once thought or feared he could not do. The same principle applies to other efforts, according to the form of the malady. Persevere in resolute resistance to the difficulty, whatever it may be, and use each victory, or degree of victory, as a step toward further advances. No brooding over troubles and watching for symptoms. Giving up is fatal; resolution and hope gain the victory, with the help of Providence. And even as to fears, forebodings, and so forth, the same direction, in substance, will apply. A lady told the writer that after a period of acute suffering from various apprehensions, she one day said to herself: "Now I have long been fearing all sorts of things, and they do not come; I have had all manner of distress, and dreaded what has never yet happened. Nothing that I have been so alarmed about has really occurred. I will allow these tormenting fears no longer." And she resolutely dismissed her apprehensions. She strove against, and in time overcame, her gloomy and groundless forebodings, and now lives to encourage others, to preach hope and cheerfulness and trust.

Not a few of the habits of modern life strain the nervous system considerably; hurry and excitement are far too prevalent. "Taking things coolly" should be at least endeavored by those who may have much in their work calculated to stimulate the mind or the feelings. Excess of any kind is constantly the parent of nervous depression. So too are exciting amusements, such as gambling. Too much novel-reading is an unsuspected but often very powerful contributing cause. Overwork, alas! is one which it is not so easy to remedy as to denounce.

"Little to earn, and many to keep,"

often strains the nerves and brain too heavily. A good hobby is often a wonderful relief to the overtaxed mind. Too little exercise and too much tea ruin the nerves of many a woman. Men often try theirs by indulging too freely in the use of tobacco. Young men, and above all, growing lads, are very unwise if they employ tobacco at all. Their elders have more excuse; but the vigor of youth can not require it, and certainly will not profit by it. The diabolical cruelty of frightening young children is almost certain to sow the seeds of nervous weakness; so does harsh treatment in later childhood. And overdriving and harassing young lads and girls, whether at books or work, all tend in the same direction. Competitive examinations have to answer for some cases of enfeebled nerves.

Simple habits, moderation in all things, cheerful amusements or pastimes, and reasonable care, will go far to prevent nervousness. But when, through ignorance, indiscretion, hereditary tendency, or affliction, it has been developed, the sufferer will do well to give all heed to the foregoing hints, and to take for his motto, "Hope on, hope ever."

THE LOCOMOTIVE.

BY THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

THEY call me a mass of iron and brass; they say that a spirit I lack;
That my real soul is the grimy man in the wooden pen on my back;
That the flame I devour and the steam I breathe are from wood and from water alone,
And I have no mind but what men bestow, those beings of flesh and bone.

Let them say if they will whatever they will, though had they observed me when
I was scurrying over the iron rails, the wonder and pride of men—
Had they watched as they might, they had seen a will, as I sped on my iron path,
And a purpose of terror when once I awoke, and aroused to a terrible wrath.

I have borne their yoke in a patient way for many a weary hour—
The pity that filled my massive breast forbade me to use my power;
But I am not always a passive thing, nor forever with joy I scream,
As I rumble and clatter and speed me along, with my nostrils breathing steam.

For when they believe me their thrall and drudge, my patience a moment fails,
And then, with a thousand wretches behind, I leap the limiting rails,
Over the lofty embankment spring, and plunge to the depths below,
While the careless laugh of the people I drag is changed to a shriek of woe.

And so to-night on the stroke of twelve with my burning eye I peer
Into the darkness that gathers before, and I startle the engineer;
For I whirl from side to side, and I pant, and I struggle and scream with delight—
Down brakes! there's a tree on the track ahead, and Death rides abroad to-night.

Some are asleep in the seats, and dream; and others, in accents gay,
Are telling light stories of what they have seen, or discussing the news of the day;
And some are thinking of things long past; and others again there be
Who are longing to meet their children and wives in the homes they never may see.

A jar and a crash! I yell as I leap, and feel my stout ribs bend,
While the cars they crush like houses of card, and their strong beams splinter and rend;
And here is a head, and there is a limb; and mark, when the lights are brought,
The mangled mass that once was alive, and walked and talked and thought.

You say that I am an inanimate thing; that I neither know nor feel;
That merely steam with an iron bar is moving my driving-wheel.
Why, I planned this thing, and brooded alone, and thought of it day by day,
And waited my chance, and bided my time, as I sped on my tiresome way.

You builded a monster of iron and brass, and fed it with water and flame,
And you thought it a creature your finger-touch, whenever you would, could tame;
Had you known its temper, or studied its mood, you never had felt its might,
And the mangled dead on the cold earth spread were living and merry to-night.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A POLITE scoundrel is brought up before the police court. Just as the presiding magistrate is about to begin his questioning, the prisoner says, affably, to the policeman: "Wears his years well, the judge does. Doesn't look a day older than he did when we were introduced to each other, ten years ago."

"This is a sad commentary on our boasted civilization," a tramp despondently observed, when he discovered that the ham he had taken from the front of a shop was a wooden one.

"What is the matter with your eyes?" asked Smith, when he met Jones, on a recent windy day. "Eyes? I have none. Don't you see the wind has made them water?" was the reply.

The editor of a newspaper that has adopted phonetic spelling, in a measure, received a postal card from an old subscriber in the country, which read as follows: "I hev tuk your paper for leven yeres, but if you kant spel enny better than you have been doin fur the las to months you may jes stoppit."

Musicians should not drink. They get into the habit of wanting to stop at every bar.

LATE RISER. "What does a man get who comes late to breakfast?"
BIDDY. "He gets all he can ate."

Any one but a quick-witted Irishwoman would have replied that he gets nothing at all.

When is a small fish-pond like a bird-cage?—When there's a perch in it.

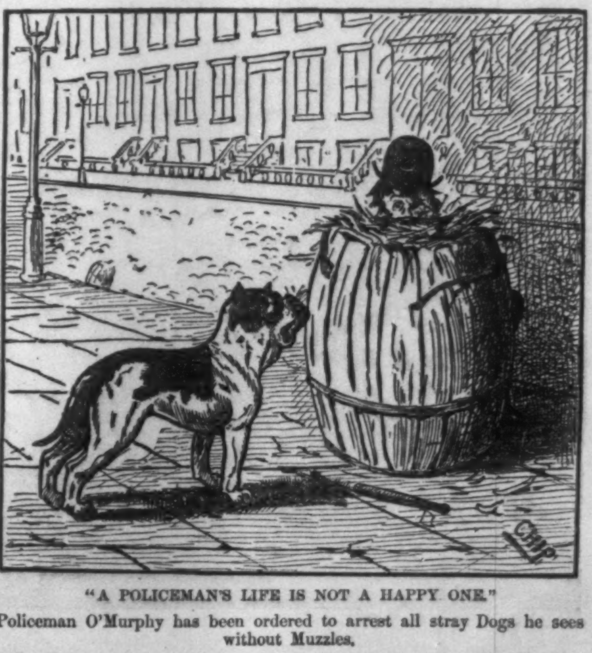
"Mr. Simpkins has an abominable gait, don't you think so?" "No, indeed; I think it is quite handsome, especially since it was painted." "Excuse me, but you don't understand me—I allude to his carriage." "Why, la me! he has no carriage." "Oh yes, he has; but it's only seen when he walks."

A Bohemian of the first water was recently turned out of his lodgings, and installed in a miserable little room absolutely without furniture. He met a friend, and said to him, "Lend me a chair." "What for?" was the answer. "My dear sir, I should be so ashamed if burglars should come into my room!"

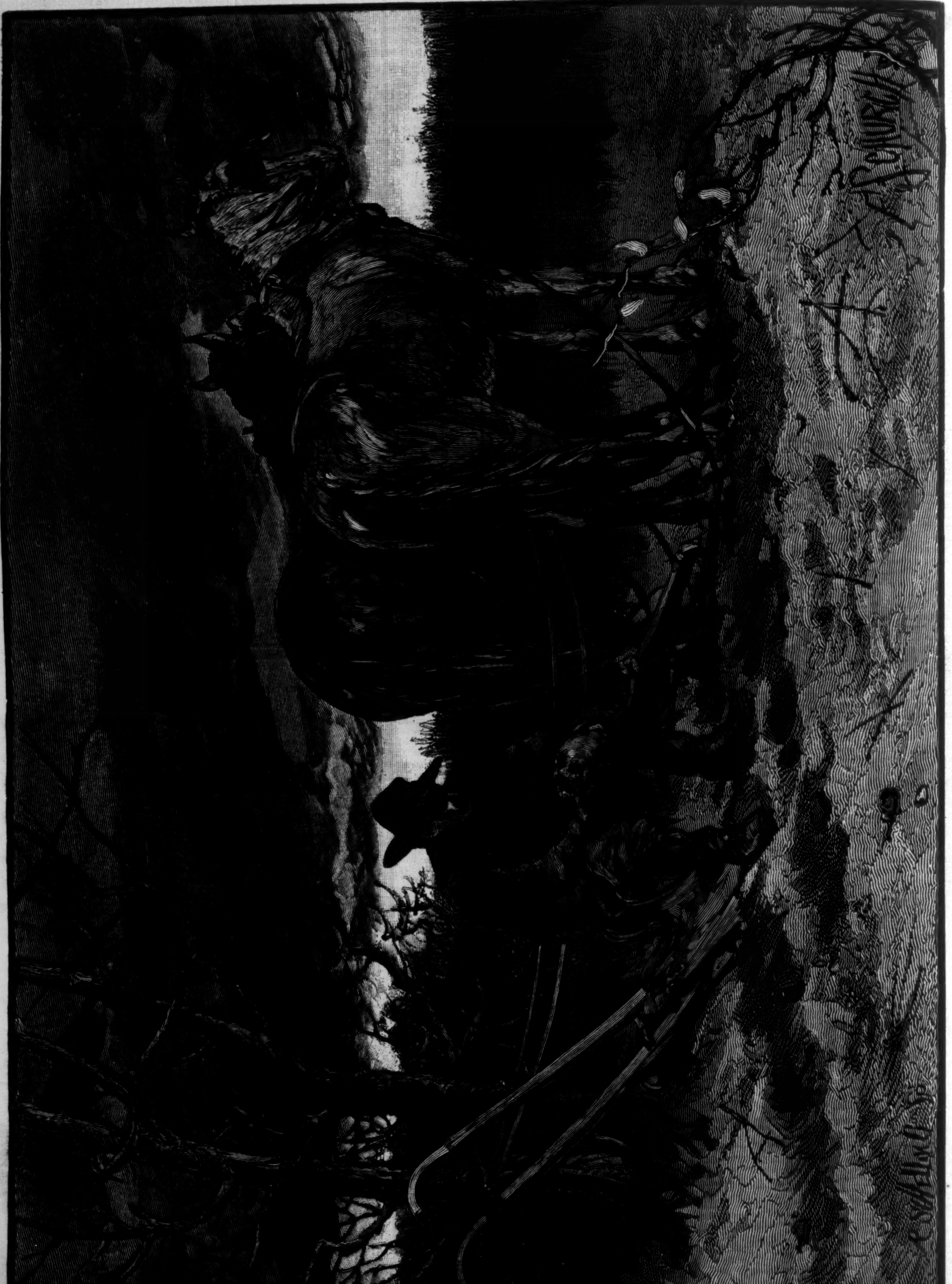
Can any one improve his condition by whining? If not, whine not.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said an Irish manager to his audience of three, "as there is nobody here, I'll dismiss you all. The performance of this night will not be performed, but will be repeated to-morrow evening."

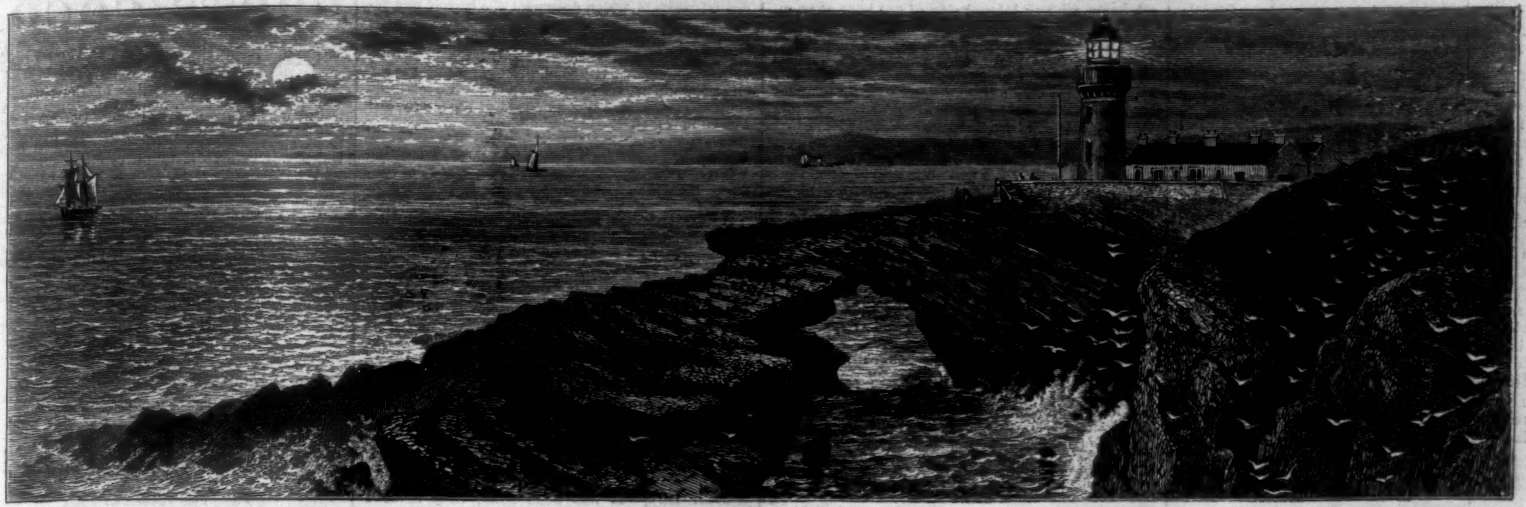
"My learned brother," says the Court, kindly but significantly, to a young lawyer who is about to sum up his first case—"my learned brother will observe that it is near dinner-time, and that brevity is the soul of summing up." "May it please your honor, I will not long detain you. I am right; my learned friend opposite is wrong; you are a good judge." Judgment in his client's favor, with costs.



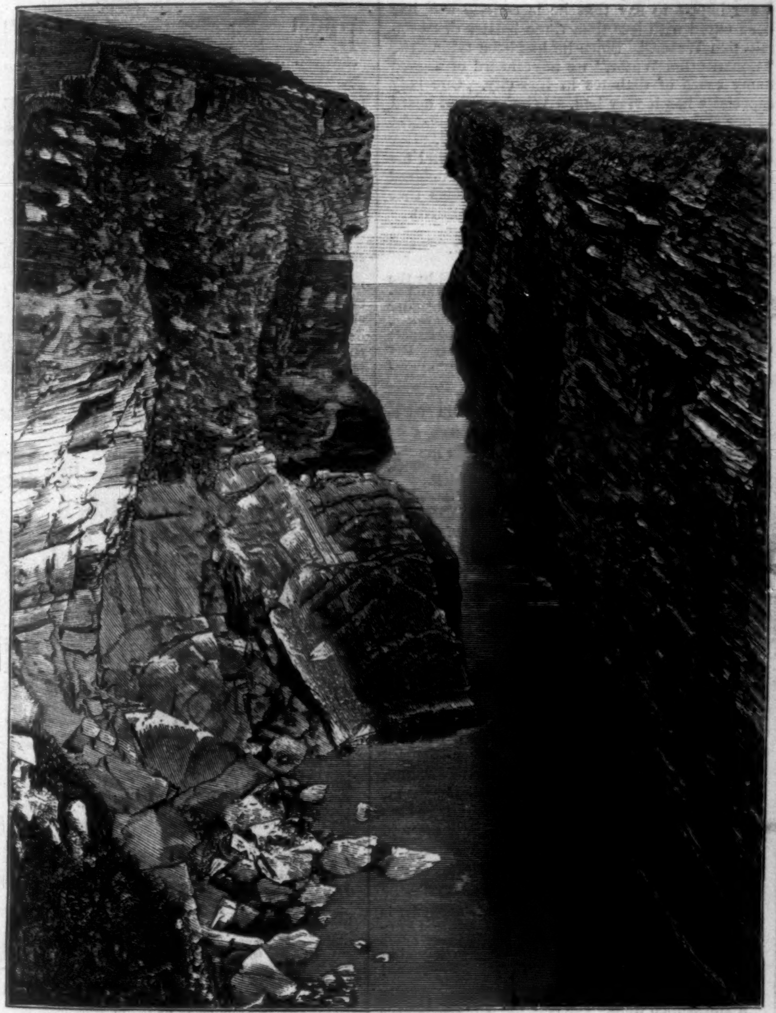
"A POLICEMAN'S LIFE IS NOT A HAPPY ONE."
Policeman O'Murphy has been ordered to arrest all stray Dogs he sees without Muzzles.



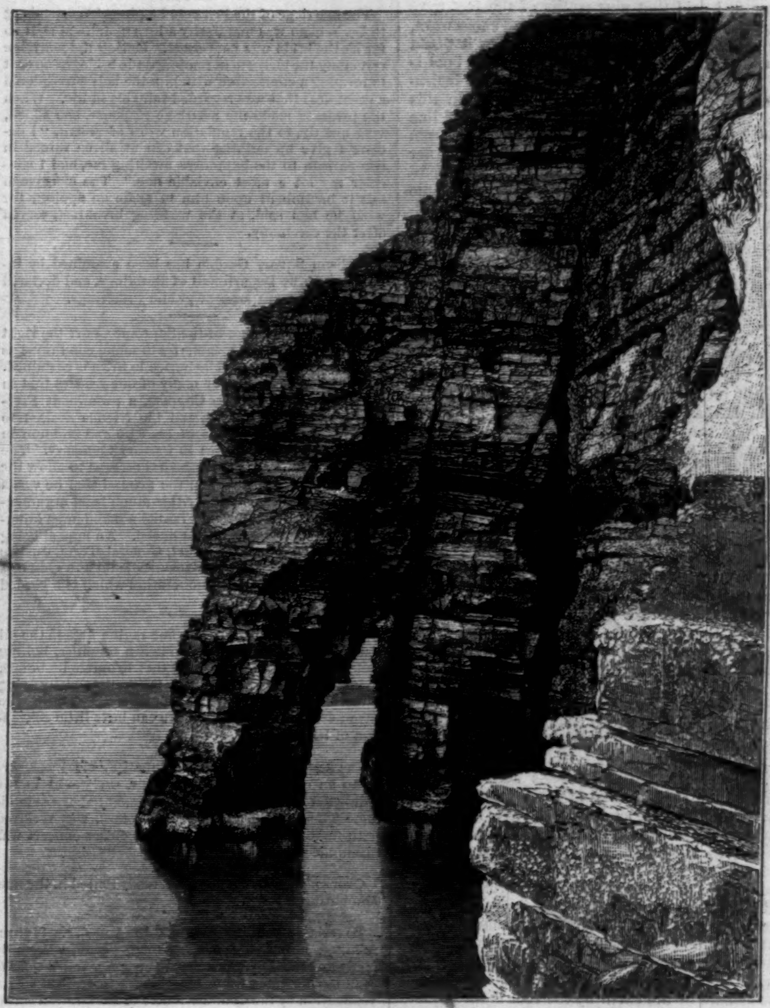
THE UNDECORATED GRAVE.—Drawn by F. S. Church.—[See Poem on Page 362].



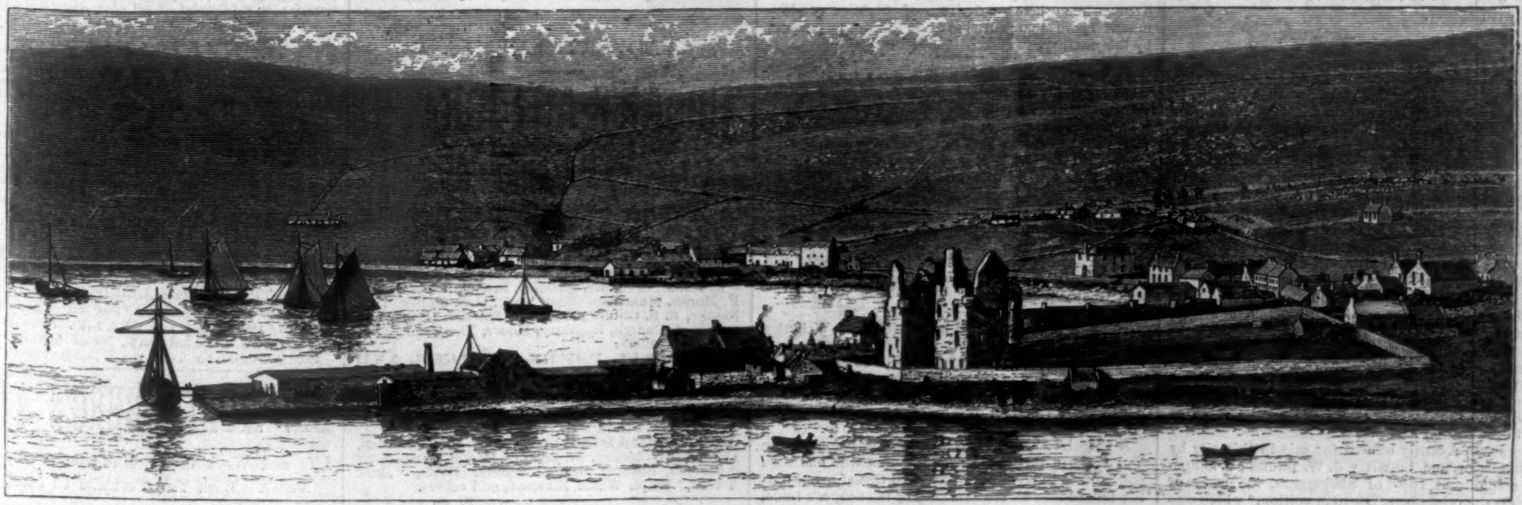
BRESSAY LIGHT-HOUSE.



HOLM OF NOSS.



THE GIANT'S LEG, BRESSAY.



SCALLOWAY, THE ANCIENT CAPITAL OF SHETLAND.

SKETCHES IN THE SHETLAND ISLANDS.

THE SHETLAND ISLANDS.

THIS group of islands, the most northern territory within the limits of the United Kingdom, consists of about a hundred islands, twenty-three of which are inhabited. Mainland, the chief of the group, is larger than all the others put together. The total population is upward of 30,000, with a considerable excess of females. The principal articles of export are dried salt-fish, herrings, fish oil, cattle, horses, eggs, and woollen articles knitted by hand. These last are remarkable for their beauty and fineness of workmanship. The ponies are noted for their diminutive size, and many of them are exported for the purpose of being used in coal mines. Chromate of iron is an important article of export from Unst, the most northerly of the islands. The male population are chiefly employed in the local fisheries, or in whaling voyages to Greenland. They are much liked as seamen, being intelligent, sober, and sedate. The Shetlanders, with the exception of the lairds and sheep-farmers, are of Norse origin; fair hair and blue eyes are common, and their speech still includes many peculiar words of Norse origin. The climate is moist, the changes from wet to fine weather are sudden, but the temperature throughout the year is very equable. The mean summer heat is only 49.6°, while the mean winter heat is 40.2°—considerably milder than that of Southeastern England, which is nearly ten degrees nearer the equator.

One of our engravings represents the Bressay Light-house, underneath which is a large natural archway; and in the mighty cliff of the Bard of Bressay there is a famous cave, the mouth of which is large enough to admit a pleasure-boat with the sail up. The entire dimensions of the cave have never been fully explored. From the roof hang quantities of stalactites.

At the extreme point of the Bard the action of the water has hollowed out a high narrow archway, so that the rock rears its mighty head against the parent rock like a huge buttress. This gi-

gantic pillar has received the name of the Giant's Leg, from a tradition that a giant once strode from Shetland to Orkney and left his leg behind him.

Sailing to the northeast, the visitor comes to the Holm of Noss, a small island one hundred and sixty feet high, precipitous at the sides, with a flat top, covered with grass. Separating the Holm from the island of Noss is a fissure sixty-five feet wide. The top of the Holm was, until lately, reached by fowlers in quest of gulls' eggs by means of a railway of rope, on which ran a cradle. Sheep were also conveyed to the top of the Holm in this manner.

Scalloway, although now distanced in the race by Lerwick, was anciently the capital of Shetland. There is a ruined castle here, built in the year 1600 by the notorious Earl PATRICK STEWART. A ring is still existing on one of the chimneys, on which he executed his victims by hanging. Gallow Hill was the place of execution by fire for those condemned for sorcery and witchcraft. The last recorded victims were BARBARA TULLOCH and her daughter, in the beginning of the last century.

TIGHT SHOES.

THE wearing of shoes which compress and distort the feet is a singularly injurious custom. Suppose I said that nine-tenths of the feet were rendered misshapen by the boots and shoes worn, the statement would seem extreme, but it would be within the truth. The pointed shoe or boot is the most signal instance of a mischievous instrument designed for the torture of feet. In this shoe the great toe is forced out of its natural line toward the other toes, giving a reverse curve from what is natural to the terminal part of the inner side of the foot, while all the other toes are compressed together toward the great toe, the whole producing a wedge-like form of foot which is altogether apart from the natural. Such a foot has lost its expanse of tread; such a foot has lost its elastic resistance; such a foot has lost the strength of its arch to a very considerable degree; such a foot, by the irregular and unusual pressure on certain points of its surface, has become hard at those points, and is easily affected with corns and bunions. Lastly, such a foot becomes badly nourished, and the pressure exerted upon it interferes with its circulation and nutrition. It ceases to be an instrument upon which the body can sustain itself with grace and with easiness of movement, even in early life; while in mature life and in old age it becomes a foot which is absolutely unsafe, and which causes much of that irregular, hobbling tread which often renders so peculiar the gait of persons who have passed their meridian.

It sometimes happens for a time that these mistakes in regard to the boot and shoe are increased by the plan of raising the heel, and letting it rest on a raised impediment of a pointed shape. Anything more barbarous can scarcely be conceived. By this means the body, which should naturally be balanced on a most beautiful arch, is placed on an inclined plane, and is only prevented from falling forward by the action of the muscles which counterbalance the mechanical error. But all this is at the expense of lost muscular effort along the whole line of the muscular track, from the heels actually to the back of the head—a loss of force which is absolutely useless, and, as I have known in several cases, exhausting and painful. In addition to these evils arising from the pointed heeled boot, there are yet two more. In the first place, the elastic spring of the arch being broken by the heel, the vibration produced by its contact with the earth at every step causes a concussion which extends along the whole of the spinal column, and is sometimes very acutely felt. In the second place, the expanse of the foot being limited, the seizure of the earth by the foot is incomplete both in standing and in walking, so that it becomes a new art to learn how to stand erect or to walk with safety.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

IT was nearly a hundred years ago that John Boydell, then a wealthy and eminent engraver of London, conceived the plan of establishing his famous "Shakspeare Gallery." He already possessed the confidence of the artists of that day, and he had money, and his enterprise was prosecuted with untiring energy, until its successful completion in 1804. Boydell was filled with an enthusiastic desire to advance the fine arts in his native country, and he offered prizes for drawings and designs illustrating Shakspeare's works, and employed the most eminent artists of the time to execute life-size paintings for the gallery. Then the most skillful engravers transferred these gems to copper, and the work known as *Boydell's Illustrations of Shakspeare* was published in numbers. Unexpected reverses of fortune compelled Boydell to dispose of this magnificent gallery of paintings, which he intended to have presented to his country, one only of the pictures having found its way to this country, so far as is known, and that—"Lear in the Storm," by West—is now in the Boston Athenæum.

There was recently offered for sale in this city by the publisher and importer, J. W. Bouton, a unique and magnificent copy of Shakspeare, the basis of which is the celebrated "Boydell edition," which was published by Bulmer & Co., in nine volumes folio, from the original one hundred sheet numbers. But the copy in Mr. Bouton's possession has been extended to thirty-five volumes by an enthusiastic book-collector, the result of about ten years' labor. More than 4400 plates of the choicest kind have been inserted, making, with the regular series of illustrations, a most elegant collection, for which the price asked—$7500—is certainly not exorbitant for such an extraordinary work of art. It is said that this magnificent copy of Shakspeare is probably the finest and most elaborately illustrated ever seen in New York, and, indeed, one of the most elegant ever produced.

Items concerning the Oberammergau *Passion Play* are in season now. The performances begin at eight o'clock in the morning, and continue until five in the afternoon, with an intermission of one hour at noon. The theatre accommodates about six thousand persons, and the price of admission ranges from about twenty-five cents to two dollars. Oberammergau is reached from Munich by a four-hour railway ride, and a drive of about sixteen miles over a mountain road. The villagers generally will take lodgers; and both lodgings and tickets can be secured at Munich.

The Medical Superintendent in charge of the asylums of the Department of Public Charities and Correction says that the patients in the institutions under his care have derived inestimable benefit from the books, magazines, etc., which have been sent to them by thoughtful persons.

Forest fires were fearfully destructive during the excessively dry weather of May. Notwithstanding the fierce warfare which the inhabitants waged against them in several sections of Southern New Jersey, the flames were only checked when there was little or nothing more for them to feed upon. In Cape May, Salem, Cumberland, Atlantic, and Ocean counties the losses by these fires have been immense. It is stated that in Atlantic County an area of about 95,000 acres has been burned, nearly 75,000 acres of this being valuable timber land. Thousands of acres of cranberry bogs, vineyards, and farm lands were destroyed, and a large number of buildings consumed. Long years will elapse before the damage wrought by these forest fires in New Jersey will be repaired, and much individual suffering will result during the coming summer.

The marriage of the Princess Pauline of Würtemberg to Dr. Willem was manifestly a love match—at least so far as the bride was concerned. During the marriage ceremony the clergyman reminded the bridegroom that in forming a connection with him the lady surrendered a great deal that was regarded valuable in life. When the princess made the marriage response, she added, very quietly, to the regulation word of assent, "I declare I give up nothing that can at all be valued in comparison to the happiness awaiting me, and I consider my lot a most enviable one." The clergyman felt it incumbent upon him to make an apology for what he had said, at the wedding breakfast, served after the ceremony.

Madison Square Garden has been examined by inspectors of the Department of Buildings, and declared unsafe for the purposes of public gatherings.

By a recent decision of the Supreme Court the right of those who control cemeteries to make conditions as to the persons who shall be buried in them is sustained. It will be remembered by many of our readers that in September, 1879, Dennis Coppers, a prominent Freemason of Hoboken, died, and his friends desired to bury his body by the side of his wife and children in the lot he had purchased in Calvary Cemetery. The trustees of St. Patrick's Cathedral refused to allow the body to be buried there, on the ground that he was a Mason and a Protestant. After much legal argumentation, Justice Westbrook granted a mandamus ordering the trustees to allow the burial. An appeal being made to the Supreme Court, General Term, Justice Westbrook's decision was reversed, and the claim of the trustees sustained—a conclusion which is regarded as of great importance.

Recently there have been some raging fires in the oil districts of Pennsylvania. When a seething, boiling tank of oil has blazed so long that it bursts its bonds, and flows over the surrounding space, the swiftly flying flame may well be called a "fire fiend." Those who have never witnessed an oil fire can have little conception of its fierce fury.

The first concert of the Cincinnati Festival was given to an audience of 4500 persons, every seat in the hall being filled, and hundreds of eager listeners standing. The director, Theodore Thomas, was received with unbounded applause, and the entire concert was pronounced superb.

Over one hundred stalls are already rented in the new Manhattan Market.

Bavaria is sending paupers to America. Sixteen families, numbering seventy-nine persons, recently landed at Castle Garden from the steamer *Westphalia*—all having come from Bavaria utterly destitute. Investigation by the Commissioners of Emigration showed that some of them were professional beggars, some criminals, and many not willing to work for an honest living, while others are desirous of obtaining employment. There is no provision made for foreign paupers by this country.

Stephen Murphy arrived in this city a few days ago from Ireland. He strolled along Broadway until he came in front of a large jewelry shop, when the brilliant display apparently overcame him, for he suddenly raised a heavy cane which he carried, and smashed the plate-glass window to atoms. An officer, hearing the crash, came up and took him in custody. When arraigned before the justice at Jefferson Market Police Court, he could not explain his strange conduct, but remarked, "The government in this country is very severe on a stranger."

"You have not had a taste of its severity yet," said the justice; "I will give you three months to think over what you have done."

The corner-stone of the new building at Wellesley College to be erected with the $100,000 donated by Mrs. Valeria G. Stone, of Malden, will be laid on May 27. The building is to be called Stone Hall, and is intended to accommodate about one hundred students with rooms.

A singular suit was recently decided before Judge Van Vorst in this city. A young man who had been apprenticed to certain coopers sued them for not having taught him all the branches of the cooper's trade, according to the articles of indenture. The untaught apprentice won the verdict.

The fanatic Freeman, who killed his child at Pocasset, Massachusetts, about a year ago, has been committed to the Insane Asylum at Danvers. Physicians say there has been no change in his mental condition. He is in good physical health, and, as would be expected, maintains that he is not insane.

Princess Adelgunde, the daughter of the late Don Miguel, the unsuccessful pretender to the Portuguese throne, was so determined to visit her father's native country that she devised a rather daring scheme. The sentence of perpetual banishment was pronounced upon Don Miguel and on all his children; but the Princess obtained an English passport for her confidential maid, in which document she herself was described as the attendant of the personated English lady, and in that character travelled undetected through Portugal. At Lisbon the two lived comfortably at a hotel, and visited all places of interest in the city; and finally, after calling upon the Countess de Redinha, an old and trusted friend of the family, left Lisbon in safety.

News has come from Russia that the author of the Winter Palace explosion has been found, and has confessed the deed.

Denver, Colorado, is so overrun with tramps that a vigilance committee for their dispersion is seriously contemplated.

The New York Coaching Club recently made its annual trip from the Hotel Brunswick, the destination being Mr. Pierre Lorillard's farm, near Jobstown, New Jersey, a distance of seventy-eight and a half miles from New York. The trip was divided into twelve stages, with a relay of horses at each stage, sent on by the twelve members of the club who took part in the excursion. The distance was accomplished between 7 o'clock A.M. and 5.30 P.M.

DIABETES CURED.

Dear Sirs,—It has been some time since I wrote you in regard to how father was getting along. So I thought I would write you to-day. I am happy to say that he is *entirely well*, has been cured with less than three bottles of "Constitution Water." Since he has been taking the "Constitution Water," we have heard of a good many cases of diabetes in this city. One lady especially has it very bad. When we first heard of her she was down in bed with it. She bought one bottle of "Constitution Water," and, after taking a few doses, was able to sit up. Send me as many circulars as you can for the enclosed stamps. There are a great many persons that want them. Yours very truly, JNO. L. SMITH.

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THE Oriental Hotel, the largest of all the immense hotels at Manhattan Beach, the Pequot House, New London, Conn., the Old Orchard Beach Hotel, Maine, are now being painted with H. W. Johns' Asbestos Liquid Paints. H. W. Johns Mfg. Co., 87 Maiden Lane, N. Y., are the sole manufacturers of these paints, which are rapidly superseding all others for large and elegant structures and for the better classes of dwellings everywhere.—[*Com.*]

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